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Life

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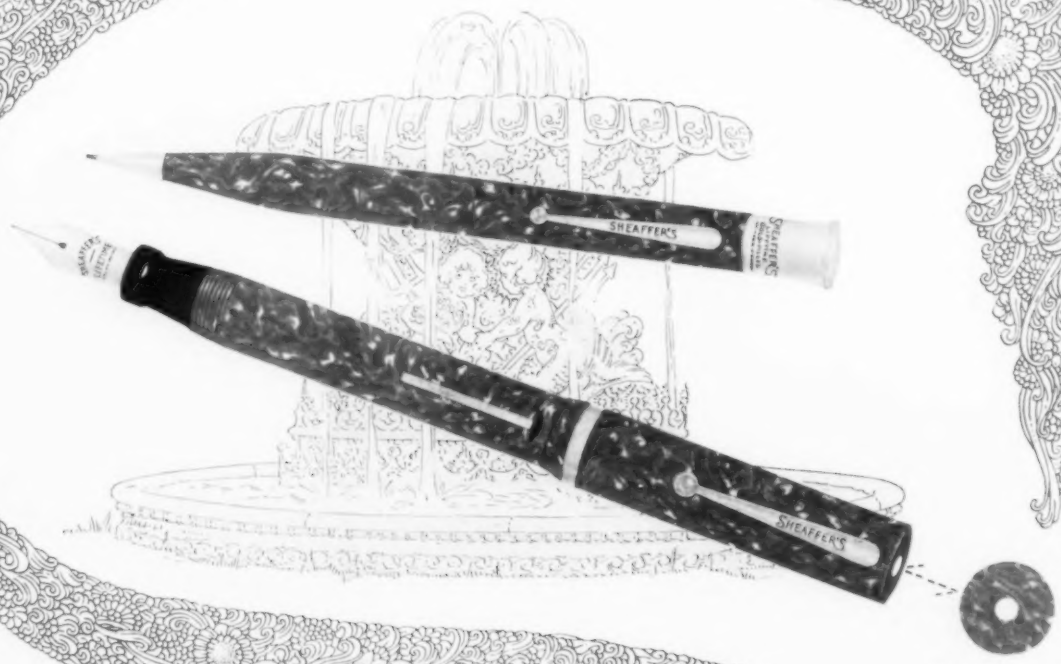
THE LASS WHO LOVED A SAILOR



Identify this aristocrat of pens by this white dot

No repair costs for the pen that has the little white dot

The world pays more for the Sheaffer fountain pen than for any other. And the world buys it in record-breaking quantities. Why? First, because it is absolutely *dependable,* an unfailing performer. Second, because it is a beautiful writing instrument, made of the brilliant and practically indestructible Radite. Third, because it is guaranteed, without reserve whatsoever, for a lifetime—protected not merely against imperfections, but guaranteed for continuous service throughout long years. It is the pen of no repair costs. Identify it by the little white dot.

"Lifetime" pen, $8.75—pencil, $4.25—Lady "Lifetime," $7.50—guaranteed

At better stores everywhere

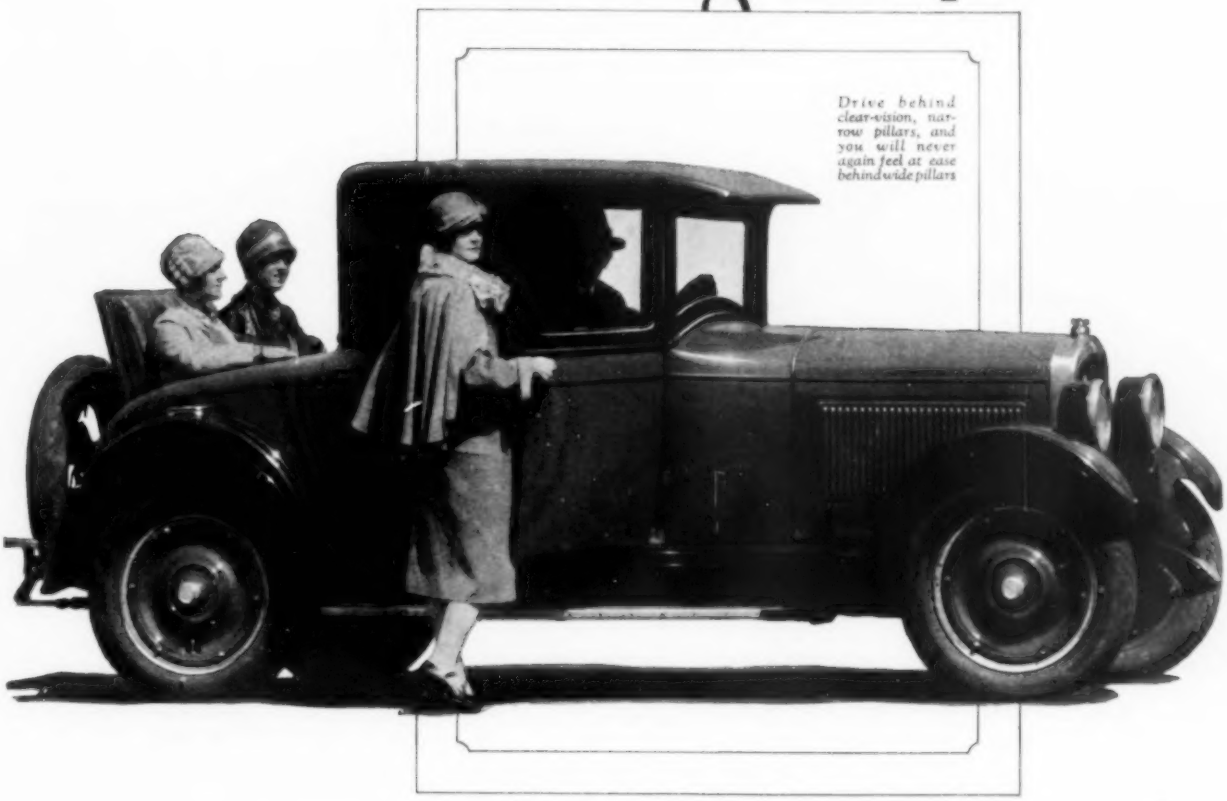
SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

DONALD DENTON & CO.

New Hupmobile Six 2 Passenger Coupe



Happy union of surpassing beauty with the practical and efficient

For the woman who wants a car for her very own—smart elegance, good taste, grace, and superlative ease and safety in handling. For the man who daily drives his car in business as relentlessly as he drives himself, the time-proven Hupmobile appetite for punishment, and the finest six-cylinder performance brought down from high-cost levels. See this car and ask yourself where you would look for its equal.

of Special Interest

Velvety Duco finish—green below, with black upper body. Double bead with gold stripe.

Seat 47 inches wide—ample for three persons. Rumble seat for two additional passengers. Rumble cushions removable, if you need all the storage space.

Rear window can be lowered for chumminess and ventilation. Upholstery in hand-crushed leather, or velour, as you choose.

Locks for golf bag door at side and for rear deck cover.

Clear-vision body, with special vision-ventilating windshield. Oil filter, gasoline filter, dash gasoline gauge, transmission lock, automatic windshield cleaner, rear view mirror, rear signal light, snubbers; four-wheel brakes and balloon tires of course.

HUPMOBILE SIX

Sedan, five-passenger, four-door, $1385. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $1385. Touring, five-passenger, $1325. Equipment includes 30 by 5.25 balloon tires, four-wheel brakes. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

FROM RIPE FRESH GRAPES

IN EACH GLASS, THE HEALTHFUL QUALITIES OF FRESH FRUIT

Cool refreshing fruit juice drinks

ALL THE DELICACY of luscious grapes fresh from the vine. . . .

And all those healthful qualities of the ripe, fresh fruit, which America's leading dietitians say we must have every day—are in each glass of Welch's.

It is the most truly refreshing of drinks—this pure fruit juice. Wherever you go they serve Welch's—coolly inviting with chipped ice; or blended, perhaps, with ginger ale or with other pure fruit juices; or fizzing with charged water.

You may have Welch's at soda fountains everywhere—straight, or with sparkling water. And the finest hotels serve it every morning for the breakfast fruit juice course.

Order Welch's today from your grocer, druggist, or confectioner, in quarts, pints or four ounces. Ask for it at the soda fountain.

How to mix the new fruit juice drinks so much in demand is told in our booklet *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet.* Write for it; it's free.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. L-26, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Preserves, and other Quality Products. Canadian Plant—St. Catharines, Ontario.

Lessons in Manners

(*With Ubiquitous Acknowledgments*)

I.

ARE you polite? Then never tear
Your girl-friend's lovely golden hair.
Of course, if she should hit you first,
You're privileged to do the worst.
I should advise an uppercut
And then a forward jab to shut
Her eyelid. Knock her for a loop!
She wants you to, you little Goop.

II.

When Mother says it's time for bed,
Should you take heed of what she's said?
My personal opinion's no;
Inform her that she's rather slow,
That midnight's when you raise the deuce,
That ignorance is no excuse.
If she should faint and turn quite pale,
Give her a swig of ginger ale.

III.

Don't ever spill a plate of soup
Across your clothes, or you're a Goop.
If, on the other hand, it drips
On some one else's, move your lips
In suave apology, and they
Dare not exhibit their dismay.
You'll get away with all, my pet,
If you just know your etiquette.

Simonetta.

"The New Art"

A WALL with flashing motleys of color within golden frames upon it. Grays. Faint, subtly worked blues, blending in glorious fanfares of tone with the prismatic oranges and bold, flashing yellows.

In the first the artist had superimposed a million-sharded sunset upon the mandatory beauty of a blue-tinted background. The next was a masterful composition of varicolored bars, streaking in delicate undulations of beauty through a magnificent monotony of dull gold.

Many were simple, effective things—bold, dashing in their resplendence of fusion or startlingly unique in their amazing directness of topic.

Surely this was the highest expression of Art, surely these masterpieces left no room in the world of things beautiful for the stiff, crude compositions of the Academy. A continuous stream of people thronged the narrow aisles.

Abrams & Cohn had begun their summer showing of Gents' Neckwear.

Hans Hansl.

MRS. TAYLOR: Is Louise still suspicious of her husband?

MRS. KAYLOR: Yes; she hired a detective to watch her husband to make sure he isn't spying on her.

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"We'll save twenty miles by going this way."
"I know, but if the road is all like this—"
"My dear, with these Kelly-Springfield Flexible tires you'll never know you're on a rough road."

WHAT 80 MILES AN HOUR MEANS AT YOUR OWN FAVORITE SPEED

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles Per Hour

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—Phaeton, $2645; Roadster (wire wheels standard equipment: wood wheels optional), $2885; Coupe, four-passenger, $3195; Sedan, five-passenger, $3395; Sedan, seven-passenger, $3595; Sedan-limousine, $3695.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

All models equipped with full balloon tires.

Ask about Chrysler's attractive time-payment plan. More than 4300 Chrysler dealers assure superior Chrysler service everywhere.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, pioneered by and exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

The Chrysler Imperial "80" unfailingly does its 80 miles an hour whenever and wherever the road permits—but not alone for these rare and thrilling bursts of speed is the Imperial "80" built to do 80 miles an hour.

This speed is there, rather, to enable you to enjoy, at your own favorite pace, the kind of relaxed and easeful riding which, up to now, you have sought in vain.

Eighty miles is extraordinary speed for a stock car, and in the Chrysler Imperial "80" it means unusual provisions for comfort, safety and ease of handling at all speeds.

Naturally, these engineering and structural superiorities produce riding and driving results which are literally the utmost of luxury.

Hour after hour you can drive the Imperial "80"—as fast or as slowly as you like—and step to the ground at the end of the trip as fresh as when you started.

Won't you drive the Imperial "80" yourself?—at any speed and all speeds you care to try, up to and including 80 miles an hour.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

AS FINE AS MONEY CAN BUILD
80 MILES PER HOUR
92 HORSE-POWER
UTMOST LUXURY FOR 2 TO 7 PASSENGERS

© CI B703551

Life

THE PRESIDENTIAL VACATION

THE SPOKESMAN FOR THE WHITE HOUSE OFFICIATES AT ECHO POINT.

The Coupon Clippers

WE'RE a race of coupon-clippers, though we're not all millionaires,
We do not clip from bonds, we have no mortgages and shares;
But the Advertising Section is our Bible and our dope,
And there we find Success and Fame, and there our Faith and Hope.
For to bring the golden argosies that bear our heritage,
We clip a little coupon from the corner of the page.

We do not need a doctor when we're chronically ill—
A little piece of paper is more potent than a pill;
And to build great, bulging muscles, it is not at all required
That we golf and swim and exercise until we're sore and tired.
We all may look like Samson, though we're sixty years of age,
If we clip the little coupon from the corner of the page.

We clip the little coupon when our aging memory dims,
And immediately recognize the well-known Mr. Sims;
And we clip a little coupon, then we strut up to the boss
And exert our Personality and put our stuff across,
And in our smiling Spouse's lap we toss our swollen wage—
For we clipped the little coupon from the corner of the page.

O Land of Opportunity, where no one need be poor,
Where Health, Success and Knowledge are not irksome to procure!
Where no one has to be a slave, a failure or a tramp
Who can obtain a magazine, some scissors and a stamp—
Where each gaffer is an athlete and each callow youth a sage,
Because they clipped the coupon from the corner of the page!

Ted Robinson.

Evolution

HE sent it first as a risqué anecdote to the more daring of the sex magazines. It was summarily rejected.

He enlarged it to short-story length and submitted it to the confession magazines. They told him it was too daring—even for them.

It next became a novel. No publisher would touch it.

He made a play of it. It's the hit of the season and there are ten road companies doing it.

H. W. K.

A Short Stay

"DID y'-all know Mazy Brown was a-goin' marry Rastus Dixon?"

"Lawd-a-massy, chile, dat nigger'll leave her 'fo' her weddin' ring turns green."

OBSERVATION on the national attitude: When a Cabinet member is indicted for bribery, that's small stuff, but when a baseball player is crooked—that's *news!*

"THE DECEITFUL THING—HOW I HATE HER—AND TO THINK THAT I HAVE TO SMILE AND KISS HER EVERY TIME WE MEET!"

Gladys: SAY, DO YOU KNOW I HAD TO SPEND TWO CENTS TO GET A PENNY BIT OF GUM OUT OF YOUR DARNED MACHINE A SECOND AGO?

Quick-Thinking Employee: THA'S ALL RIGHT. OTHER CENT IS COVER CHARGE.

A Trifle Daring

SHOPGIRL: Congratulate me, Ma! I've just been offered a good job as a window dresser.

DUBIOUS MOTHER: But surely, dear, you wouldn't do a thing like that in a window!

Radio Bug: GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DRINK COFFEE AT NIGHT. I CAN'T KEEP AWAKE DURING THESE BEDTIME STORIES.

The Young Folks in Journalism

A Playlet of Love and Romance

THE CHARACTERS

HIM, *the exceedingly personable young editor of the* Daily Shriek.

HER, *a beautiful girl writer on the* Daily Shriek.

AS CURTAIN ASCENDS, HER *sits before her desk harassed by the question, MUST THE GIRL WHO WORKS SACRIFICE HER FEMININITY?*

ENTER HIM, *a reverent light in his eyes, for he has just put his newspaper to bed, heard its lisping childish prayers and, as is often the way of an adult with a child, has emerged a better man for it. He clutches his throat in sudden ardor.*

HIM: Handsome Young Editor Views Beautiful Girl Writer with Desire.

HER (*softly*): How Can a Girl Know a Man's Intentions?

HIM (*clenching fists; paling*): Handsome Young Editor Faces Terror of Rejection.

HER (*in half-whisper*): How Do You Know He Is Your True Mate?

HIM (*desperately*): Handsome Young Editor Strives to Lure Beautiful Girl Writer with Promise of Luxury.

HER (*covering crimsoned face*): Is It Worth the Price?

HIM (*loudly, Special Edition tone*): Handsome Young Editor Views Beautiful Girl Writer with Chaste Desire of Marriage.

HER: Shall It Be Marriage or a Career?

HIM (*foaming at the mouth*): Handsome Young Editor in State of Emotional Insanity Pulls Gun on Self. (*So saying, he draws from inkwell a big black gun.*)

HER (*gently reproachful*): Does It Pay to Play with Fire? (*She wrenches gun from his hand, tosses it into inkwell and smooths back what is left of the hair of* HIM.)

HIM: Handsome Young Editor Views Matrimonial Situation with Hope. (*Hope rises from his bosom and sits there grinning like a darned fool.*)

HER (*shyly*): How Can You Make Him Guess That You Care?

HIM (*briskly*): Handsome Young Editor Announces Betrothal to Beautiful Girl Writer.

HIM AND HER (*embracing*): Handsome Young Editor and Beautiful Girl Writer Transform Dingy Editorial Rooms Into Castle of Love and Romance.

CURTAIN.

Marjorie Damsey Wilson.

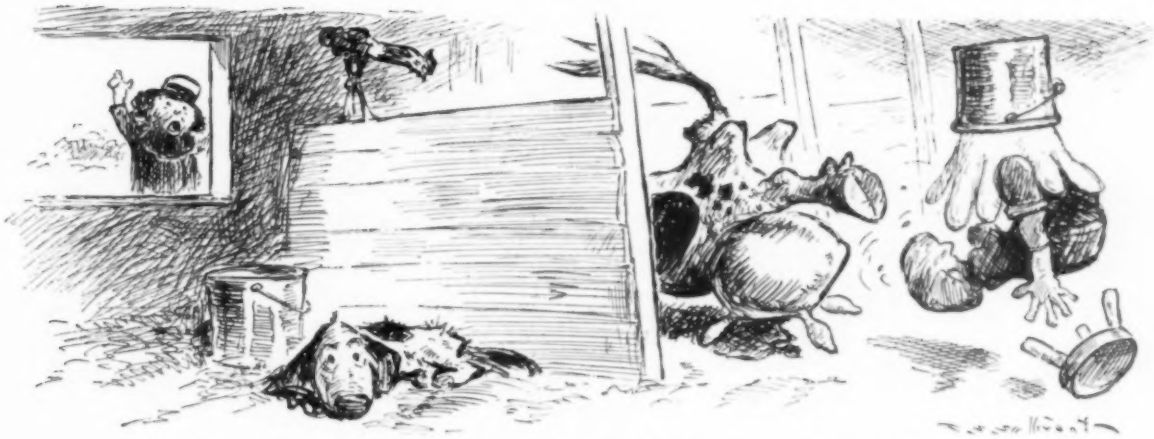
NOW YOU TELL ONE

SHE was so mad she couldn't speak!

Farther Back Yet

"MY forefathers came over in the *Mayflower.*"

"Huh! Mine went to the opening performance of 'Abie's Irish Rose.'"



"HURRY UP, HANK, YE ONLY GOT FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GIT TO THE POLLS AND YE KNOW WE NEED YER DRY VOTE."

Free Air

SHE has extensive knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of the male of the species.

She will tell you that you married for better or for worse and inasmuch as it turned out to be for the worst, as usual, you should not forget that there is some good in every man.

She subscribes to the belief that a man's heart can be reached through his stomach and although every woman entertains a suspicion that this is a swinish doctrine, it should be carried out to the letter to keep harmony in the home.

She warns that men return home from the office with a desire for peace and quiet, to which they are entitled even as the kine in the field.

She assures you, in fine, that any long-suffering woman has an even chance to win a moral triumph in the war of sexes which is called "married life."

Occasionally she admits that she has never been married.

She conducts the "Heart and Home" column in my favorite newspaper.

Gerald Cosgrove.

Unfit

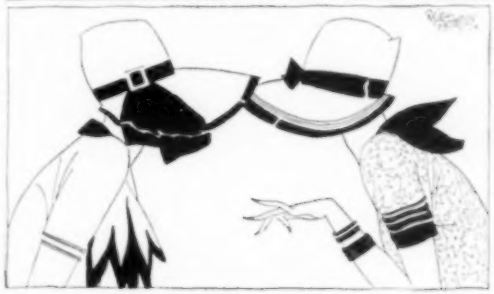
"I HEAR Ella has given up her business career."

"Yes, poor thing, she never looked well in a smock."

TRAFFIC COP (*after the operation*): What did I say while I was under the ether?

NURSE: You asked the surgeon to show you his operator's license.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I think she's the SWEETEST thing. She's perfectly DARLING—I mean she never says a WORD against a soul. And she's SO pretty—I mean she REALLY is, you know. If she ONLY knew how to dress and do her HAIR, my dear, she'd be PERFECTLY exquisite. I REALLY wish some one could tell her about putting on so much LIPSTICK....Yes, my dear, it IS perfectly FRIGHTFUL the way she makes up—it's the most DISGUSTING thing I've ever seen—actually, my dear, and I'm perfectly SURE that's the reason she doesn't get on with so many people. Yes, I heard about that—of course it's ALL over town, but I ACTUALLY don't think she meant a THING by it and I think it's just because people don't understand her—I mean I ACTUALLY do, my dear.... But she's SO sweet, my dear—honestly, I think she's a perfect darling—and she never breathes a WORD against a SOUL. I mean I admire her TERRIBLY, my dear—I actually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

From a Club Chair

YOU can tell a family of the old aristocracy, as distinguished from the new, by the fact that the old families are selling early American furniture.

* * *

The slogan in the next presidential campaign is not going to be "the full dinner pail," but "the overflowing beer can."

* * *

I have noticed that, as a man grows older, the elasticity lost from his sinews seems to settle in his conscience.

* * *

The real test of a liberal is whether he admits an opponent's right to be a conservative.

* * *

Optimism's supreme triumph is a flower box on the window sill of a New York apartment.

* * *

The royalties who visit this country would be more popular if they weren't so democratic.

James Kevin McGuinness.

When Love Dies

"WHY did that actress get a divorce?"

"She got so she didn't like to see a man smoke a pipe."

NEVERTHELESS, it could be worse. Suppose Borah should get his voice lifted

"PAINT! PAINT! GREAT HEAVEN! HOW CAN A MAN PAINT WITH A MOB LIKE YOU STANDING WATCHING HIM?"

The March of Progress

OUR town has only one prominent corner now without a gas station and it's in litigation. As soon as the lawyers decide they can't get any more out of holding it up the old buildings will come down and the pumps and pagoda will be installed. All the big oil companies are represented now and on two nights last month at least one station of each company was held up.

We've got five municipal golf courses. If we keep on at the rate we're going for five years, a man will be able to sleep till eight o'clock on Sunday morning and still get started around by noon.

You ought to see our banks. We haven't got one with less than ten cages with signs reading, "Next Window, Please." Why, when the banks are busiest, say about closing time on Saturday, you'd think you were in a city twice the size, the amount of inattention you get. Every bank has a porter in uniform to interfere with you when you want to write a check or a deposit slip; and nearly every one has three or four efficient-looking assistant cashiers to say they don't know you when you want to be identified.

And the drug stores! You may not believe it, but a transformer blew out down at the powerhouse one noon and the drug stores lost over two thousand dollars in electric sandwiches alone before it was fixed. *McCready Huston.*

One of Noah's Sons (we forget which): I'M SICK OF THE FOOD ON THIS DARNED OLD TUB.
"WHY?"
"NOTHING TO EAT BUT ANIMAL CRACKERS."

Too Much Trouble

"BUT, Robert, aren't you going to invite the twins next door to your little party?"

"No, Mother—they look so much alike it's disgusting."

"EVERYBODY in Europe wants a car," said Edsel Ford on his return. And a good many Ford owners in this country would like one, too.

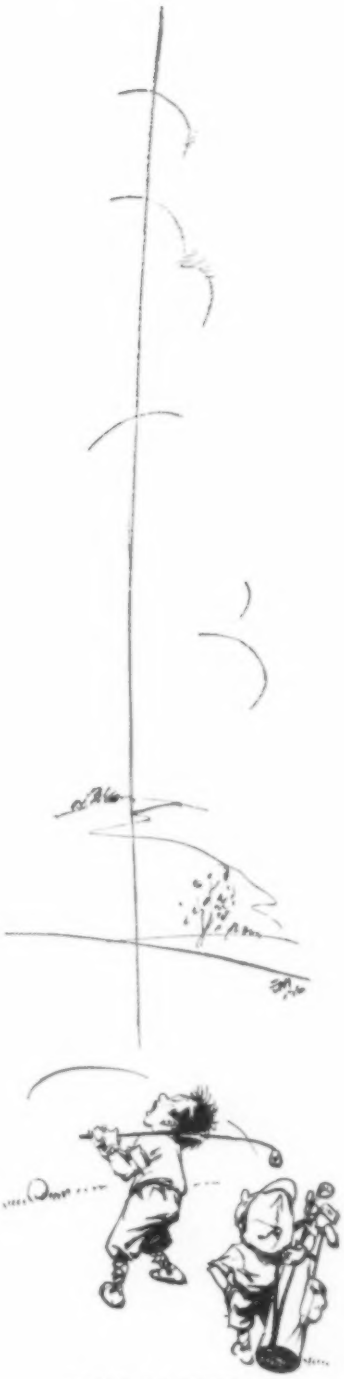
Mrs. Pep's Diary

June 1st The time of year is now come when I do struggle with myself as to whether or no I shall have a permanent wave put in my hair to insure my appearance against the humidity of the summer months. Common sense has triumphed over vanity for two successive seasons, but Camille, my new barber, does speak so eloquently of his art that I am sorely tempted, in view of the round of visits for which we are scheduled, to let him have a try at my tresses, albeit I do strongly suspect that I shall emerge from his ministrations looking more like something pictured in the National Geographic than like the neatly coiffed ladies on his advertisements or the young women in his employ whom he parades as examples of his skill. In this connection with me, as in the case of Nat Goodwin and marriage, hope does too frequently conquer experience....The morning gone in casting up my accounts, marveling at our great indebtedness to the grocer for sparkling waters and matches alone, and, having noted that male guests do often put an entire box of the latter into their pockets every time they light their tobacco, I am minded to have all of them searched in the future when they depart, or, failing that, to attach the packets to the furniture by chains, as the Pullman Company protects itself against the theft of its combs and brushes....Reading this night in a book called "Rest Working," wherein it is set forth that Nurmi actually rests whilst running, so that at the end of a race his countenance is placid and his body refreshed, a difficult thing to be credited by a woman who regards a trip on foot to Bloomingdale's in the light of a penance for some deadly sin. But unfortunately I did remark to Sam that Gerald Stanley Lee, who wrote the book, does walk about with an orange on his head to achieve balance and the proper coördination of his muscles, and by bedtime our sitting-room was strewn with oranges in divers questionable states of preservation....I am resolved firmly to make an appointment with my dentist on the morrow.

(*Continued on page 32*)

FOOTPATHS OF LIFE

First Hiker: SHALL WE TAKE THE DIRT ROAD?
Second Hiker: MERCY, NO! THERE ARE NO AUTOMOBILES GOING THAT WAY.



"FORE, ST. PETER!!"

Things Worth Knowing

"THE house is getting to look pretty dirty, my dear."

"Yes. Time I phoned for another vacuum cleaner demonstration."

THE GAY NINETIES

"THIRTY *love!*" "DEUCE!" "YOUR SERVE, *dearest!*" NO SPORT WILL EVER KNOW MORE HEROIC PIONEERS THAN THE BILL TILDEN S OF THE NINETIES WHO HAD TO PASS THE LIVERY STABLE IN FULL TENNIS REGALIA.

What to See in Paris

Important Facts, Hitherto Unpublished

EIFFEL TOWER. See this structure, which successfully resisted all attacks of the keenest souvenir hunters in the world. You may succeed where members of the A. E. F. failed.

Longchamps. Visit the middle grandstand and ask to see the wine cellar under it, where a certain game, known as craps, once flourished undetected.

Arc de Triomphe. Note the chains barring vehicular traffic. Two drinks of cognac and the ardent desire to be able to boast of having driven a flivver through the arch explain the battered padlock, if it is still there.

Boulevard des Italiens. The one place where you will find mesdemoiselles who still remember "Bootch" or "Smit-tee" or "Onree."

The Metro or Nord-Sud. Subways in which the tourist invariably rides first-class, talks in a loud voice and takes it for granted that none of the other passengers understands English.

Gaumont Palace. A movie theatre, where you can really enjoy an American film. Be sure to tip the usher, order a drink, and keep your hat on.

Folies-Bergère. Just go.

Bill Sykes.

EARL CARROLL'S favorite song: "That Certain Party of Mine."

Foolish Questions of 1926

DO you care for brandied cherries?

Does that bricklayer own a car?

Is there a filling station near here?

Are you fond of the old dances?

Is this the first time either of them has been married?

Were you ever operated on for appendicitis?

Are your doctor's charges moderate?

Were you ever arrested for speeding?

Did you folks stay at home last Sunday?

Is there a roadhouse out from this town?

Do you like the saxophone?

Marion E. Burns.

The Younger Married Set

By George S. Chappell

VII. The Farwell-Onderdonck Affair

HIST! Walk softly and speak in a whisper, for the town has broken out with a perfect rash of intrigue, regular movie stuff.

The Farwell-Onderdonck affair, if not wide open, is at least ajar. Tongues are clacking and the rocking-chair fleet at the Country Club is having the time of its life. Miow! how they love it, and who can blame them, for what is more exciting than a sure-enough, romantic "affair," right in the heart of a home-loving community?

They do happen, you know. No village is complete without one. We have always prided ourselves, out our way, on the stability of our community. As Dr. Pettner, the talented tooth-architect, said at the last meeting of the Village League, "When I read in the papers of some distressing and sordid tangle in the lives of those who represent what is called 'High Society,' I thank Heaven for the character of this town of ours, a town in which hearth and home, the wife and kiddies, come first!"

And then the Farwell-Onderdonck affair busted right in his face.

I cruised along the Club piazza last Saturday and caught echoes and reverberations.

"Who'd have thought it of Hattie Farwell!" cried Mrs. Bemis. "She with three children and another..."

"I would," said Mrs. Pritchett severely. "Anybody with half an eye could."

"Could you see with half an eye?" asked Lois Brigham, who is a pal of Hattie's, but the diversion didn't go over. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Pritchett has two eyes of the gimlet type.

"I could have told you six months ago that those two were heading straight for trouble, and now it has come. Why, their dancing was...I took Luther home from the last dance so that he wouldn't have to look at it."

Mrs. Pettner cackled uneasily. "She danced with her eyes closed," she cried shrilly.

"She knew where she was going, just the same," said Mrs. Pritchett tartly.

"And that Onderdonck," continued Mrs. Pettner, "with his high-falutin way and his glasses on a string! He knows more than his prayers."

"THERE THEY WERE, 'WAY DOWN AT THE END OF A DIM CORRIDOR."

I moved away, not to avoid eavesdropping, which I adore, but because I knew so much more than the poor dears would ever know. Of course, I had seen the budding romance and joyed in it. It was one of those late flashes that come in the younger middle years, a time of intense excitement, of rapt exchanges, of sombre, burning glances and choked voices that say, "I never thought I could feel this way again!"

Of course, we all can, and do. But, with practice, we learn how to manage;

"I FEAR IT SPOILED THEIR MEAL."

we appreciate that if society is to go on, discretion must be the better part of Amor.

"I blame Joe Farwell for this whole business," said Doc Pettner, who has all his innocent affairs in his city office, where the approach of his beloved Lydia is heralded by a complicated buzzer system. "What can he expect if he is off all the week, all over the country, and plays golf every Saturday and Sunday?"

"But Doc, he has to travel," I objected. "It's his job. As for his golf, you are a tennis fiend and, of course, you don't approve of it."

I hadn't the heart to argue with the poor wretch, though I knew that nothing would delight him more than to be able to jaunt about the country instead of being chained to the dental chair, peering into shopworn molars.

I have never held any particular brief for Wallace Onderdonck, who is a boring creature, full of intellectual airs and graces, but I must say that he was never so pleasant as when Hattie's buxom charms hit him. The man became positively human. He even took up with his pet aversion, Bert Hoofner, whose highest form of recreation is a prizefight.

"Where's a good place to lunch, Bert?" he asked. "You know everything. I mean a place that isn't too—er—conspicuous."

"I make you, Wallie," said Bert, with a coarse, throaty chuckle. "Wait till I get out the little red book."

He thumbed the leaves of a well-worn note-book and the twain went into whispered consultation. Bert must have given Wallace the same address he gave me, for I bumped into him

"HIS HAND WAS SEIZED IN A GRIP OF STEEL."

and Hattie in a most delightful and retired little place where the food is good and the light bad. We ignored each other, but I fear it spoiled their meal, for they departed in record time.

Enid Flamm claims that they used to meet in the Aquarium, of all places, although it might be all right because so few people go there. But Miss Flamm did. As part of her reportorial work she outlined a series of articles on "Nooks and Crannies of Our Great City." Looking over a World Almanac, she began with the "a's" and picked on the Aquarium, "and there they were," she avers, "'way down at the end of a dim corridor, and they weren't looking at the fish at all!"

The poor dears...I both envied and pitied them. As they became more enmeshed they wore tragic masks. Hattie—jolly, healthy Hattie—turned intense, which was most unbecoming. Onderdonck, after his initial burst of excited geniality, lapsed from his what-a-great-boy-am-I manner and merely sat around looking haggard. He could not forbear telephoning Hattie every morning as soon as he reached the city and, naturally, with the system of party wires which we enjoy he might as well have broadcast his vows from Station WEAF.

"He calls up at nine-twenty," Mrs. Libby said.

"That's right," Mrs. Bemis agreed quickly, "but he was five minutes late yesterday."

The town was now fairly buzzing with delighted excitement. No one said a word to Joe Farwell, naturally. He was away a lot and besides, it would have knocked cold our main interest in life. These things have a way of ending themselves and I will say that this particular outburst worked out in a most dramatic manner. It became linked up with a set of happenings that seemed to have no connection with our dear ones' heart-burnings. This is the part that the ladies don't know.

Last week President Libby called a meeting of the Club Board and told them, with terrific solemnity, "Men, there is pilfering going on in the Club. I have all confidence in Zinss (the steward). He has watched his help narrowly. But the losses continue. Now here is the crux of the matter. All of the thefts, up to date, and there have been three of them—Mrs. Libby's purse, Mrs. Coit's polo coat—I forget the other, but all of them have been committed on the night of a dance. In other words, it may well be one of our members."

A rather sickly silence shrouded the meeting.

"We must all be detectives," said Joe Farwell, who lives on such literature.

"Quick, Watson, the needle," chortled Doc Pettner, and the tension was relieved.

But the dénouement was quite unexpected. Came a Saturday night and one of our regular dances. Onderdonck was a consuming fire of suppressed devotion. But Joe was present and the suitor, with infinite pain, held aloof. He felt that comment was rife and longed to establish the fact that all was well in the world. Hattie, less self-contained and with no philosophy, posed successfully as the tragic muse. It was too much for Wallace. He must at least write a note to his dear. He could slip it in the pocket of her coat, which he knew well—ah, yes, too, too well.

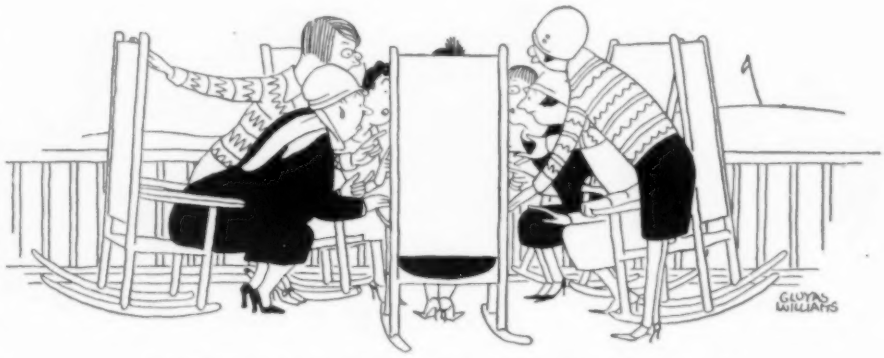
It was but the work of an instant to jot a fevered line on a restaurant check and slip into the coat room. There was the coat, the dear, checked horror. He thrust the missive into the pocket and on the instant his hand was seized in a grip of steel!

Camera! Do you get the picture?

"What have you there?" said the icy voice of—oh, pshaw, you've gone and guessed it!—Joe Farwell, the amateur detective!

Wasn't that sweet? Of course, Wallace did the correct thing and tried to eat the note. He'd learned that much from his stage experience. But Joe was too strong for him and pried his fingers apart. He was the more surprised of the two, for he had expected to find a purse or some such gaud.

(*Continued on page 36*)



"THE ROCKING-CHAIR FLEET IS HAVING THE TIME OF ITS LIFE."

Ballade of Realty "Development"

HERE upon this wooded knoll
Let us for a moment stay.
Hills, like frozen thunder, roll
Far and far and far away—
Titans slain in cosmic fray;
Shapeless giants in collision.
Yes, this site is, I should say,
Suitable for subdivision.

Let us by this brookside stroll
Where the troutlet leaps in play
And the poet oriole
Woos with song his woodland fay.
That tall oak, wherein a jay
Screams cacophonous derision,
Marks the edge of our survey
(Suitable for subdivision).

Bungaloaf Estates control
Sixty acres. Don't delay!
Streets and sewers through the whole
Plot before the first of May!
Values doubling while you pay!
Now's the time for quick decision!
Buy your acreage to-day!
Suitable for subdivision!

L'Envoi

Realtors, would the Law might slay
Ye who wreak such foul misprision!
Hang and let your corpses sway
Suitable for subdivision!

Baron Ireland.

One or the Other

IF—

The latest European artist arriving on these shores fails to announce his quest for the most beautiful American woman; or a crime wave isn't in progress; or a chorus girl isn't suing a millionaire; or the sanctity of Central Park isn't being threatened; or there isn't a promise of relieving the subway congestion; or a cake-eater sheik doesn't confess to a night-club career; or some one doesn't tell exactly what ails the movies—

Then, my son, either the millennium has come or you aren't reading the papers. *Ben S. Gross.*

Nothing Whatever

"YOU intend to marry him? But I'm sure his intentions are not serious, dear."

"But what have *his* intentions to do with *my* intentions?"

Dumbdora: I'D LIKE TO EXCHANGE THIS DIAMOND WRIST WATCH FOR SOMETHING USEFUL. NOBODY EVER ASKS ME WHAT TIME IT IS.

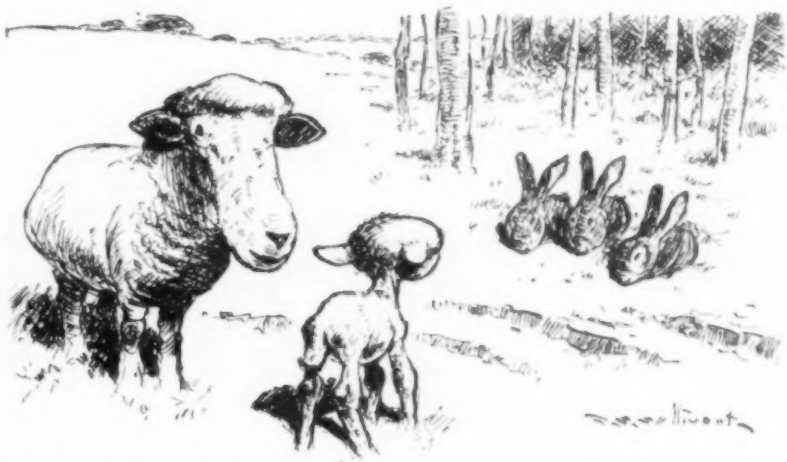
While Traffic Is Stopped

ABOUT the most humiliating thing that can happen to an aviator, a steeplejack, a parachute jumper, a structural-steel worker, a deep-sea diver, a policeman off duty, a member of the committee on public safety, a taxi driver, a man who has a license to drive, or your wife, is to be bawled out for jay-walking.

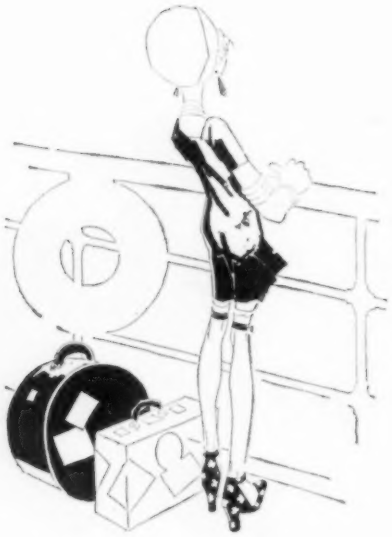
Bill Sykes.

"SARA has a wonderful ear; she can pick up anything that's musical."

"Let's see her pick up the piano."



Mrs. Sheep: YOU MUSTN'T ASSOCIATE WITH THOSE COMMON RABBITS. REMEMBER, YOU ARE ALL WOOL AND THEY'RE JUST PLAIN COTTON-TAILS.



Life's Travel Contest

The winner of this Contest will be presented with a six-weeks' trip from any point in the United States or Canada to France and England and return — with* ALL EXPENSES PAID, FOR TWO PEOPLE. *There will be a second prize of $250 in cash, a third prize of $150, and a fourth prize of $100.

LITTLE Miss Joan Kinley is back from Europe. Her eighth and *last* letter appears below.

When Joan went to Europe, we announced that she was sixteen and pretty, but a trifle dumb. We did not exaggerate. Her eight letters have been full of inaccuracies—misstatements of fact; she has tried hard to furnish us with adequate descriptions of the scenes that she has visited, in New York, Paris, the battlefields, Stratford and London, but she has made many girlish mistakes in her observations.

It is on the detection—*and correction*—of these mistakes in Joan's eight letters that the Travel Contest is based. The contestant who discovers and corrects the greatest number of errors in Joan's eight letters, and writes the best essay of not more than three hundred words on "What I Shall See in Europe," will win the Contest.

Read Joan's last letter and the conditions carefully.

Conditions

ONE of Joan's letters will appear each week for eight consecutive weeks, commencing May 6th and closing June 24th. In each letter will be errors and inaccuracies in her descriptions of routes, places, directions, etc., and on detection of these mistakes, not grammatical errors, or the use of slang, the Contest is based.

In order to compete it will be necessary to send in at one time the complete set of her letters (or exact typewritten copies) with your correction of each error plainly marked on its letter or on an accompanying sheet of paper.

The first prize will be awarded to the contestant who indicates the greatest number of errors in Joan's letters and who writes the best essay on "What I Shall See in Europe." This essay, which must not exceed three hundred words in length, is to be enclosed with the corrected letters.

All answers to this Contest must reach LIFE Office between 9 A.M. on June 24th and 12 noon on July 13th. No answers received at any other time will be considered as competing in the Contest.

Use one side of paper only, with your name and address in upper left-hand corner of each sheet; both essay and corrections to be typewritten or very plainly written; full first-class postage prepaid thereon, and sent to Joan Kinley, LIFE, *598 Madison Avenue, New York.*

Announcement of the winners will appear in the August 5th issue of LIFE.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE *in order to compete. Copies of* LIFE *may be seen at any Public Library, or free of charge at the office of publication. You may copy the letters and use the copies you have made.*

There is no limit to the number of answers that any one contestant may submit.

The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE*'s staff and their families.*

The judges will be three of the editors of LIFE, *whose decision will be final.*

In case of ties the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

This Is Joan's Eighth and Last Letter—Watch for the Mistakes

DEAR EDITOR:

Well, here I am, back on the good ship *Paris* in the historic town of Plymouth, from which the Pilgrim fathers set sail in 1492 to found a new world—*our* world—*our* America! Like those brave men and women, I am turning my eyes toward the rising sun—and to say that I'm *thrilled* would be putting it *mildly*.

What a *marvelous* trip it has been! From the moment when we sailed from Pier 57 in New York, I've enjoyed every *second!* I've learned so much that I never knew before, and I only hope my letters have been of some educational value to those who have not had the luck to see Europe.

As I write these last lines, my mind is filled with beautiful thoughts of all the places I've visited: the little café in Rheims where the Armistice was signed, the statue of Napoleon in the center of Trafalgar Square and the bust of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in Westminster Abbey, the padlock on the Arc de Triomphe—all the romance, the age-old mystery of the past.

Well, good-by for the present—and don't do anything I wouldn't do till we meet again.

Your girl friend,

Joan Kinley

P. S.—I do hope that Sinclair Lewis doesn't win this Contest. Wouldn't it be *dreadful* to have him refuse the prize?

Final Instructions for Travel Contestants will be found on page 28.

Fire!!!

("In an emergency, just say to the operator: 'I want to report a fire.'"—*Ye olde telephone bookke.*)

SO I did.

"I want to report a fire," I said.

"Aren't you just the luckiest thing in the world!" she gushed. "Jean—she's my married sister—she married a fellow named Osborn—well, anyway, her and I live together and we haven't been able to get a draft in the flue—"

"Listen, sister," I interrupted, "far be it from me to ruin the autobiography, but *I want to report a fire.* In other words, *my house is on fire.*"

"That's funny," she said. "Why?"

"I don't know why," I replied. "It just is. Why does a house get on fire? Why does *your* house get on fire?"

"It hardly ever does," she confided. "Of course, there was that night that Joe was out and dropped a cigarette on the day-bed—you don't know Joe, do you?"

"No," I said, dodging a couple of falling embers.

"I used to think he was perfectly swell," she said. "That was before I found out he was running around with that little hussy from Brooklyn. *Some* people think she's good-looking, but—say, what did you call up for, anyway?"

"I want to report a fire," I retorted feebly.

"Well," she said, "I don't believe it will do you any good. *I* sent a Most Embarrassing Moment in to the paper once—it was about the time I put my elbow in the salad—and they didn't even give me a dollar for it. And it was a lot better than some things you see in print. Well, hold the line and I'll get you the Weather Bureau."

Well, anyway, the radio was destroyed in the blaze. Every cloud has its s. l. *Tip Bliss.*

A GIRL'S mind is usually a blank except when she's shopping—then it's an order blank.

"IT BEGAN ON A SHOESTRING"

Calamity

THE night watchman stopped suddenly.

He shivered at the sight of an open window.

He shook at the apparition of the open safe.

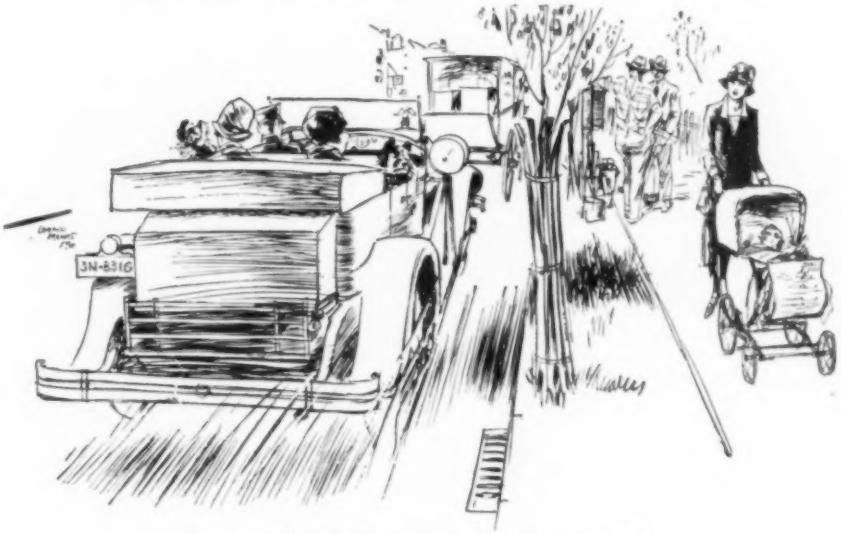
Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Maybe the yeggs were awful hard up," he mused, "and the boss must have some kind of insurance."

Then he looked more closely at his surroundings.

"Doggone the whelps!" he sputtered. "They—they even took my lunch box! Where's that burglar alarm?"

James A. Sanaker.



First Lady: WHO IS THAT PERSON, PRAY?

Second Lady: MY PERSONAL MAID UNTIL LATELY. EVEN AFTER SHE GOT MARRIED I KEPT HER FOR SEVERAL YEARS, BUT SHE HAD A CHILD, AND, OF COURSE—I'M BROAD-MINDED, MY DEAR, BUT THERE ARE LIMITS—I HAD TO LET HER GO.

Sesquennial

THERE ain't another thing between the covers of an unabridged dictionary that I can misspell and mispronounce by the hour as I can sesquisential, squensentinel, or whatever it is that they're having in Philadelphia. Immediately after learning the definition of the word, which feat I accomplished at one sitting, I realized that I liked it very much, because I wouldn't be called upon to use it again for a hundred and fifty years.

Les Van Every.

Nothing New

GROOM: Have you kissed the bride?

BEST MAN (*absently*): Oh, yes, hundreds of times.

JUNE 24, 1926 VOL. 87. 2277

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*
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F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor* LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

GOVERNOR SMITH'S daughter got married. It was a very notable wedding, lacking nothing that could be contributed by Church, State or newspapers. It was the kind of wedding that could happen only once in any family. If Governor Smith should be threatened with another like it, it is recommended to him to consult the archives in Albany about the family of General Philip Schuyler, whose daughters, when it came time for them to take off, dutifully and considerately eloped, one with Alexander Hamilton and the rest with other suitable gentlemen.

Whether the Governor's presidential prospects will be forwarded by this resounding social adventure it would be indelicate to discuss, as also whether the red train which carries the Cardinals and other ecclesiastical delegates to the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago will make the sort of noise as it crosses the country that will make for Smith delegates to the next Democratic Convention. But he seems at least to have survived the wedding, which is a considerable achievement in itself, and matter for rejoicing.

A GOOD deal of thought is taken about presidential conventions just now and most of it no doubt is premature. If it is true, as the *World* says, that Charley Ross is at last found, he may be a candidate. He has an interesting record, and being only recently identified as himself, can have no enemies. When we see the new Senate (prospectively will do) we shall know more about the mind of the country so far as it has one, and possibly be better able to compute what it wants. With Pepper beaten in Pennsylvania and Cummins in Iowa and matters so doubtful in Massachusetts, and so animated in New York and Ohio, it looks as if something was crumbling, but whether it is Mr. Coolidge's popularity or the Republican tariff policies, or Volstead enforcement, is still all highly speculative. The doctors of politics are observing the symptoms but they do not pronounce yet on the diagnosis.

THE increasing candor of political discourse is very comforting. Dr. Murray Butler and Senator Wadsworth talk with that freedom, especially about rum laws, that you would never know they were Republicans. Senator Wadsworth, running for reelection, agrees with Dr. Butler in asking for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. Wadsworth would have an amendment increasing the powers of Congress to deal with rum and go on from that to provide for situations as they exist or develop. The only real alternative to Prohibition is government control of the sales of intoxicants. That is the Quebec system, which is under observation and so far looks better than any other. The Drys in New York State have a candidate, Mr. Cristman, whom they expect to run, and we are likely to have an interesting campaign of it with an open discussion of Wet and Dry issues which will go all over the country in the newspapers.

IT is announced that the *Evening Post* is to have a new Editor, Mr. Julian Mason, now or lately the managing editor of the *Herald Tribune*. An evening paper somewhat different from any now prevalent in New York would be very welcome. The more successful ones are too big and carry more advertising than the tired business man cares to go through at the end of the day. To overhaul from thirty to fifty newspaper pages in order to get the evening news is more of a luxury than most people can afford. Possibly Mr. Mason will be able to make an interesting editorial page in the *Evening Post*. It has been done in times past.

There is more need of good evening papers in New York because of the present hazardous quality of the theatres. Persons who stay at home and read the paper are reasonably safe from moral infection. Persons who take their chances in the white-light district of Broadway seem to be exposed to considerable hazards. Heaven knows where the shows are coming out, but at present they are passing through a curious and somewhat amusing stage of experiment to discover if there remains any public sense of propriety, and if so, what are its boundaries. In this quest the showmen seem to know no other way than to give until it hurts, which they do faithfully at high rates of admission until courts, police or censors conclude that they have passed the limit which current taste approves, and hold them up.

Garb is a matter of custom rather than of morals, but morals themselves are matters of custom, and for us they are complicated with clothes. Paris says girls may go bare in theatrical spectacles, and they do so go in Paris, and quite decent people, men and women, go to see them, and some of these observers report themselves as "thrilled" by the beauty of these shows. The highly respectable London *Spectator* lately conducted a discussion of this issue of theatrical nudity. Here it has not been much discussed in print, but one hears of constant experiment with it in practice on Broadway.

E. S. Martin.

Hoeing His Own Row

Bedtime St

Life

me Stories

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, *readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.*

More or Less Serious

Bride of the Lamb. *Henry Miller's*—Sex and religion in equal parts, with Alice Brady giving the performance of her career.

Craig's Wife. *Morosco*—An excellent play dealing with feminine selfishness. Chrystal Herne as the lady in question.

The Great God Brown. *Klaw*—Eugene O'Neill delves into the dual personality problem, emerging with something highly exciting although not always crystal-clear.

The House of Ussher. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Nothing to do with that old Poe house you hear so much about. Just a mildly interesting affair.

Kongo. *Biltmore*—Considerable excitement out of a succession of hokum bombshells.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—The course of venal love in the career of a colored cabaret-singer. Lenore Ulric highly effective, with able support from Henry Hull.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Shubert*—Florence Reed in a spectacular tale of how Nemesis came to a brothel.

Sex. *Daly's*—Neither spectacular nor particularly shocking. Just the old line.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—The seniors graduating this week were sub-freshmen when this opened. It all seems like yesterday.

Alias the Deacon. *Hudson*—The genial card-sharper in fair enough entertainment.

Shocked Dad: SILK UNDERWEAR AND A NET DRESS! NO REALLY NICE GIRL WOULD GO OUT WITH THAT ON.

Daughter: YOU'RE RIGHT, DADDY. WHICH DO YOU THINK I SHOULD LEAVE OFF?

At Mrs. Beam's. *Guild*—Pretty comical goings-on in a London boarding house, involving Jean Cadell, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Whatever fun there may be in the spectacle of three dames seeking amorous dalliance with three young boys.

The Half-Naked Truth. *Mayfair*—See page opposite.

The Importance of Being Earnest. *Ritz*—Oscar Wilde still decidedly in the running.

Is Zat So? *Forty-Sixth St.*—Last season's hit pushing over into its third season.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—Good Grade-B comedy.

Love 'Em and Leave 'Em. *Times Square*—The troubles of department store clerks made into a very nice little play.

Love-in-a-Mist. *Gaiety*—Thanks to Madge Kennedy, you may get several laughs out of this otherwise rather thin bit.

One of the Family. *Eltinge*—The bother of having a family-in-law, with Grant Mitchell in a constant state of farce.

The Patsy. *Booth*—All right if you don't ask much.

Pomeroy's Past. *Longacre*—Delightful badinage, skillfully handled by Ernest Truex and Laura Hope Crews.

Square Crooks. *Maxine Elliott's*—Not so good.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—Helen Hayes making the old Barrie piece something fresh and fine.

The Wisdom Tooth. *Little*—A charming fantasy about a young man who had to go back to his boyhood for his backbone.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Bunk of 1926. *Broadhurst*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Cocoanuts. *Lyric*—The Marx Brothers have some new Irving Berlin music to break up the laughs.

Garrick Gaieties. *Garrick*—Perhaps not so good as last year, but, at that, better than most of the others in town.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Puck and White in a good show with very nice music.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—To be reviewed later.

The Great Temptations. *Winter Garden*—Spectacular and carnal.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—Proving that the public will take good stuff and like it.

Kitty's Kisses. *Playhouse*—Just dancing.

The Merry World. *Imperial*—Reviewed in this issue.

A Night in Paris. *Casino de Paris*—A revue combining Montmartre and Broadway in agreeable mixture.

The Palm Beach Girl. *Globe*—To be reviewed later.

Scandals of 1926. *Apollo*—To be reviewed later.

Song of the Flame. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Tessa Kosta in a big show with lots of singing.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—The new season will have to extend itself to collect more Grade-A material in one show.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—For comic-opera lovers.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—Three of the country's best comedians—Joe Cook, Julius Tannen and Frank Tinney. There are some girls, too.

Odds and Ends

THERE is no denying the fact that the Britishers have a way with them. There are several sketches in "The Merry World" which are almost as hoydenish as any in "The Great Temptations," and yet, acted with that seven-fifty manner which makes a drawing-room comedy out of anything British, not only is there no offense in the proceedings but the New York *Times* the next morning comments on the clean nature of the fun.

"The Merry World" is a combination of British and American talent, but Morris Harvey and Lola Raine, with assistance from Donald Calthrop, handle most of the comedy, and handle it very well, too. Mr. Harvey is what is meant when the words "versatile comedian" are used, and his performance in the mock French sketch is truly magnificent.

"The Merry World" is a good, steady revue possessed of infinite variety and fifty per cent. more humor than most.

JUST as we were about to write a very bitter piece about a show called "The Bunk of 1926," up pops a hitherto dormant play-jury and closes it. It may be open again by now. We rather hope so, if only because we want to take a crack at it.

Having had our attention called, by a reader of *Judge*, to the fact that Mynheer George Nathan was taunting us with having endorsed "The Bunk of 1926" so feverishly that they were quoting this department in their advertising, we decided that perhaps we ought to see the show after all.

As a matter of fact, we *had* seen it when it opened uptown in the Heckscher Theatre, and a very original and entertaining little revue it was, too. But when it moved downtown to the Broadhurst, it was taken over by a new management, who felt that the thing to do was to insert a little pep into the proceedings. So they took off the ladies' clothes and took out all the originality, bought ten crates of the oldest wheezes on Broadway and made it into a "breezy, snappy revue." And ran our endorsement of the original show in their advertising of the downtown version. (It is true, they didn't run it very long, as it evidently didn't help their business.)

THERE couldn't be a better example of the difference between the semi-amateur, intimate revue and the speedy, professional Broadway type. "The Bunk of 1926" uptown was small, inexpensive, in danger of falling apart at any minute, and full of new, intelligent, humorous stuff. Taken over by the downtown management, it was much larger and more elaborate, smooth-running and professional, without a glimmer of originality or cleverness. You may take your choice.

WHY the sudden activity of the play-juries? Here the season has been bowling along, with scarlet ladies hawking their wares, roving lechers consummating their evil works, blasphemous sailors and crooks filling the air with their imprecations, and the play-juries evidently up in Central Park playing croquet.

And now, with the season over, and all the harm done to tender minds that can possibly be done before the fall harming-season, up come charging four committees, with plumes waving, disagreeing on "Sex" and "The Shanghai Gesture," demanding changes in "The Great Temptations" and closing completely "The Bunk of 1926." It is all very exciting, locking the barn like this, but the horse was stolen several months ago and has probably been sold into sin by now.

EACH week we seem to have the unpleasant task of mentioning one or two plays that have persisted in opening. Let's not do any more than just *mention* "Beyond Evil" and "The Half-Naked Truth." What do you say?

Encore

WHENEVER we get a night off from going to the theatre for business reasons, we drop in at "Iolanthe." To-night will make our seventh time. When a man goes as harmony-mad as Sullivan did in that opera, no matter where you pick the piece up you are pretty sure to hear some lovely music. And we have about decided to award our prize for the Best Fifteen Minutes in the Theatre This Year to those occupied in "Iolanthe" by the closing bars of the gentle duet between *Phyllis* and *Strephon* followed by the sudden blaring of brasses in the entrance of the Peers, with the red-coated band ripping into the hitherto pastel canvas like—

But there, we are sounding sensitive!

Robert Benchley.

Life and Letters

I NEVER thought the day would come when I should read from cover to cover a novel laid in the open spaces of the Northwest, with a trader, a tenderfoot and a "girl" featured prominently amongst the characterizations. But it's well that I made no sweeping generalization to such effect, since I have just finished "Mantrap," by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*), on page 257 of which is found: "It was incredible that he, Mr. Prescott of Beaseley, Prescott, Braun and Braun, Ralph Prescott of the Yale Club, R. E. Prescott whose third cousin was a first secretary of the embassy, should be starving and ragged in the northern wilderness; that what had been play should have become inescapable peril; and that an ex-manicure girl should be to him the whole meaning of life."

It must be set down before going any farther that Mr. Lewis is only playing with us, having attempted a burlesque of that fresh-air school of fiction which provides its creative disciples with unquestioned solvency in so many of our national banks. But even though his tenderfoot often swells with righteous indignation, and his he-men become as little children at times in the simplicity of their mental deductions, and his heroine rips out her vanity box in the deepest depths of the wildest Canadian wilds, there are many pages in which Mr. Lewis parts company with the Spirit of High Comedy and reads actually, not ironically, like Mr Zane Grey.

But rapids are rapids, portages are portages. Forest fires, Indians, perilous trails, damp bedding and insufficient rations do not lose their terrors simply because the story for which they form a background is slightly satirical, and therefore one who stays on the veranda with a book and a long, cool drink whilst the other members of the house party hike to Bear Mountain—and who with intelligence does not?—is likely to throw another log on the fire and have a look at the icebox upon finishing "Mantrap."

It might be added, perhaps rather obviously, that "Mantrap" threatens Mr. Lewis with no embarrassment from honors or prizes.

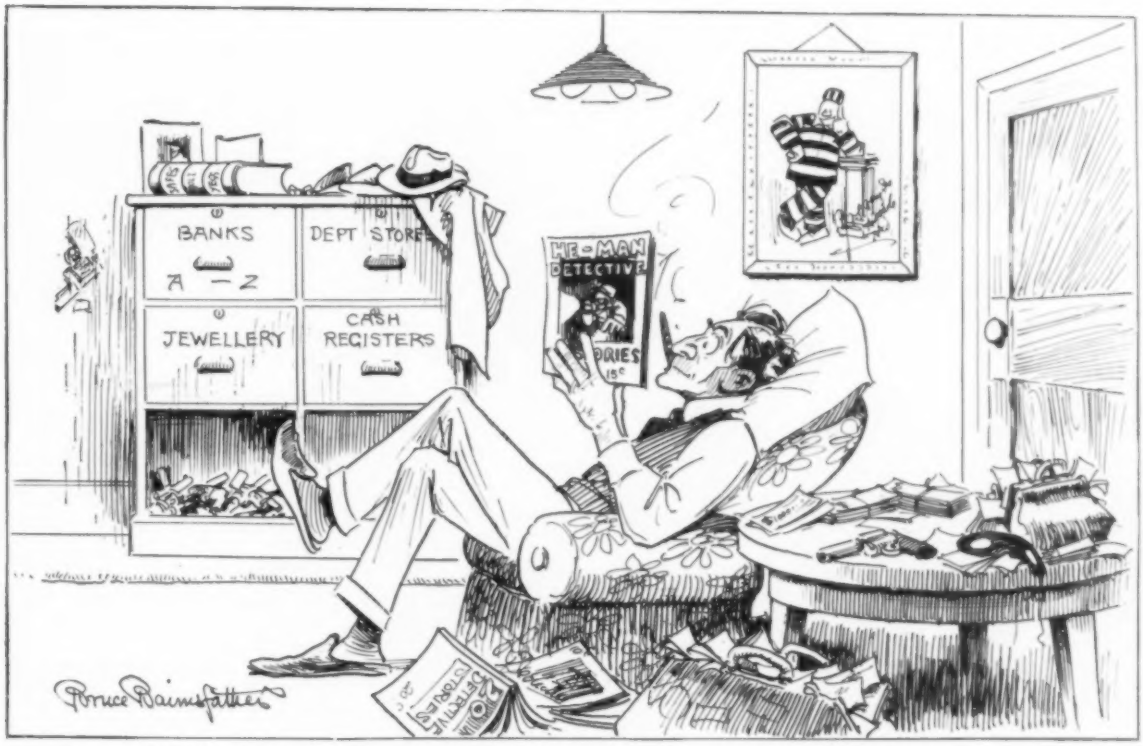
"THERE'S ONE COMFORT ABOUT A CAFETERIA—IF ANY ONE'S FINGER IS IN THE SOUP, IT'S YOUR OWN!"

NEITHER did I think, back in the days when I sat before Jennette Lee in Smith College and absorbed eagerly what she had to impart about the principles of criticism, that I should ever be learning anything from her about the principles of cooking. Yet here before me lies "If You Must Cook," by Jennette Lee (*Dodd, Mead*), in eloquent evidence that the woman who taught me about Pater is equally, and lovingly, capable of teaching me about pots and pans. In turning from her accustomed fiction to write such a book, she is only putting into practice her precept that anything is material for art. We used to discuss hencoops in this connection. Now Mrs. Lee discusses hens — and braised shoulders of lamb. And she likens the preparation of a dinner to the composition of a symphony.

Mrs. Lee almost convinces me that cooking is great sport. And that is saying a great deal when backed up by the admission that at present I cannot break an egg, am afraid to light the gas stove, and regard the making of toast on an electric rack as a difficult feat in engineering quite beyond my powers. Still, there may be hope for me. Mrs. Lee didn't learn until after she was fifty. Where, oh, where, by the way, does she buy oranges for thirty-five cents a dozen?

IN "The Verdict of Bridlegoose" (*Harcourt, Brace*), Llewelyn Powys writes down his opinions of these United States and the citizenry thereof, and although he quotes on the fly leaf a passage from Rabelais calculated to forestall criticism through its

(*Continued on page* 34)



Tired Hold-up Man (after a hard day at the banks): AFTER ALL, THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GOOD DETECTIVE STORY TO TAKE A MAN'S MIND OFF HIS WORK.

The Flaw

LUCAS J. GROOP, the inventor, was explaining his latest eureka before the Blinkit Floor, Bridge and Boudoir Lamp Company's board of directors.

"Then, gentlemen, you twist the third digit—that is, the ring finger—of your right hand, around in back—*so*—"

Ten right hands stretched tensely forward, studiously following each move, and ten third digits twisted into a neat, if painful, spiral.

"—and flex your right thumb in this wise—" indicating a rather uncanny double-jointed action.

This was too fast for three members of the board, who dropped out and began conscientiously to plan their resignations.

"—and then, gentlemen, we trip the little finger quickly—*so*—cross the index and middle digits—*that's right*—snap the entire hand up and sharply to the left—*careful not to sprain your wrist*—"

"OOH," complained another executive, falling to the carpet in a faint.

"—and—*click*—" gloated the inventor, "our floor lamp, our bridge lamp or our boudoir lamp is turned on!"

The chairman rose, amid a chapel-like stillness.

"And to turn it off?" he queried in thick accents, as one who can hardly realize a sudden good fortune.

"THIS WAY OUT"

"An exact reversal of the manœuvre; if anything, slightly more difficult."

A whispered consultation followed, obviously eager. Emotion shook the board. Several members had to uncross their first and second digits.

"Furthermore, gentlemen, this switch is so constructed that it gives a one-hundred-and-twenty-volt shock on every third click."

"I was just going to ask you that," said the chairman, the ring of exultant hope in his voice. "And does it—does it—light every time?"

"Every time, sir."

The chairman sank into his chair.

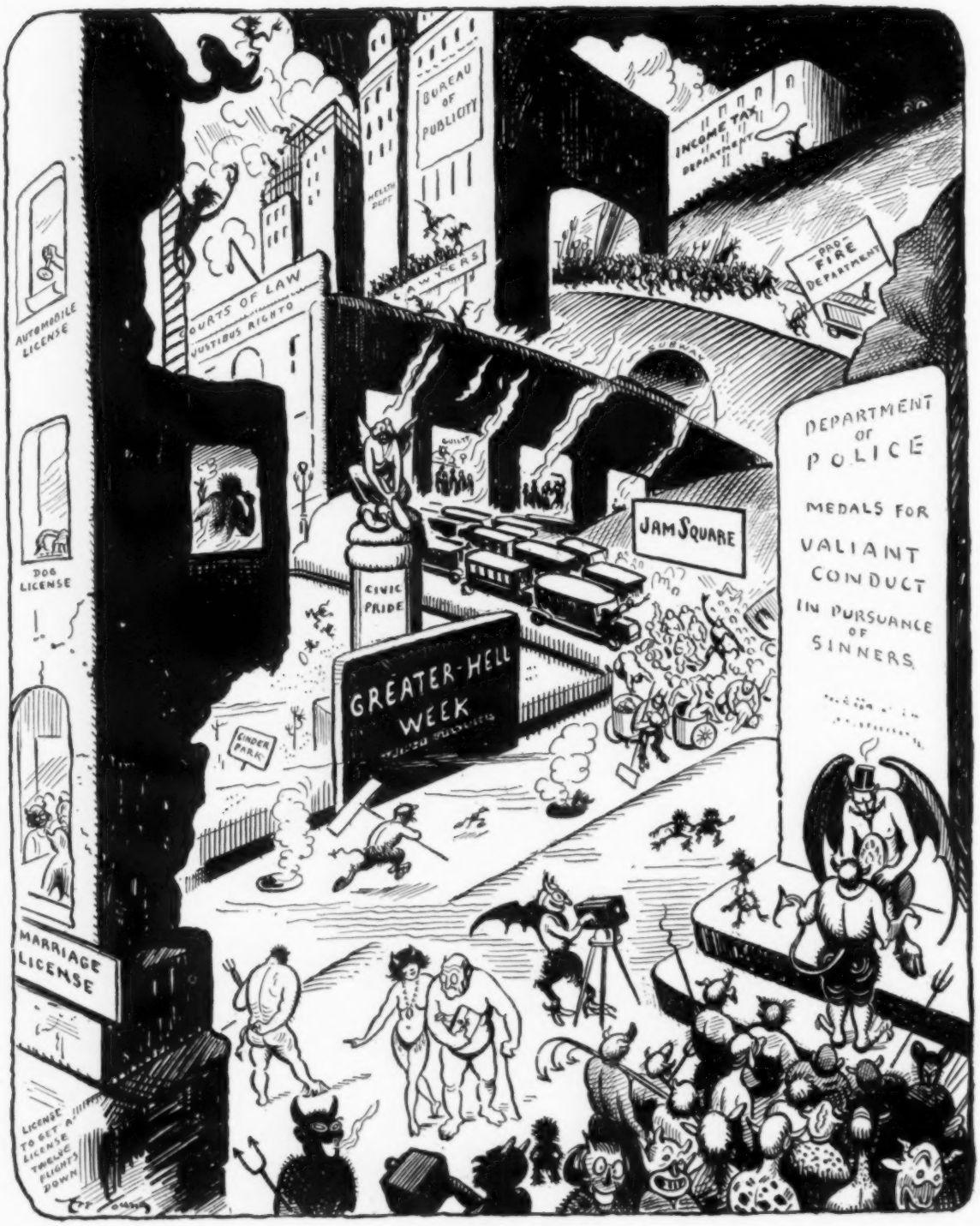
"Then I—I—fear—it—is—not—yet—perfect. *But cover that one point, Mr. Groop, and I think we can go into production with a world-beater!*"

Harold S. Stevens.

As Buyer to Buyer

"WHAT did you think of the new Winter Garden show?"

"I never saw such a lot of women in all my life!"



The Greater Inferno

The Municipal Buildings of East Hell

Russian the Growler

("The restoration of vodka is making the Russian laborer indifferent to work and prone to fits of loafing."
—*New York Times.*)

SCENE: *Dinty Ivanovitch's Family Saloon.*

FIRST RUSSIAN LABORER: Work is no good. Vodka is good. Let us sing a simple song of the homeland. (*He sings.*) Sweet Adelina Adelinovna...

SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH LABORERS: *My* Adelina Adelinovna...(*A labor boss enters.*)

THE LABOR BOSS: Aha! I knew I'd find you bunch of bombs in here!

FIRST LABORER (*politely*): Have a vodka, Feodor Feodorovitch, and join us in trolling a catch.

THE LABOR BOSS: Singing as usual! Bah! Why don't you go back to work?

SECOND LABORER: Work! Ha—say, comrades, I don't think he knows there was a revolution!

THE LABOR BOSS: Loafers! For two dirty rubles I'd get you deported!

THIRD LABORER: Siberia is nothing in my life. They all ride around in airplanes up there, these days.

THE BOSS: Not Siberia, oaf—America!

FOURTH LABORER: America, eh? And very tough Borden's, *I* should say!

THE BOSS: Wait! Do you know what they do with Russian singers in America? (*With slow emphasis.*) They make them sing "The Volga Boat Song!"

ALL FOUR LABORERS (*paling visibly beneath their tan whiskers*): Not that!

THE BOSS: Well, then, will you stop this nonsense and go back to work?

THE LABORERS: Must we?

THE BOSS: Either that, or—America! America and "The Song of the Volga Boatmen," day and night, week after week, for years! The Americans can stand it, but you...

THE LABORERS: Curse you, Feodor Feodorovitch! We go! (*They pay for their vodka and return to work. Russia is saved. So is America.*)

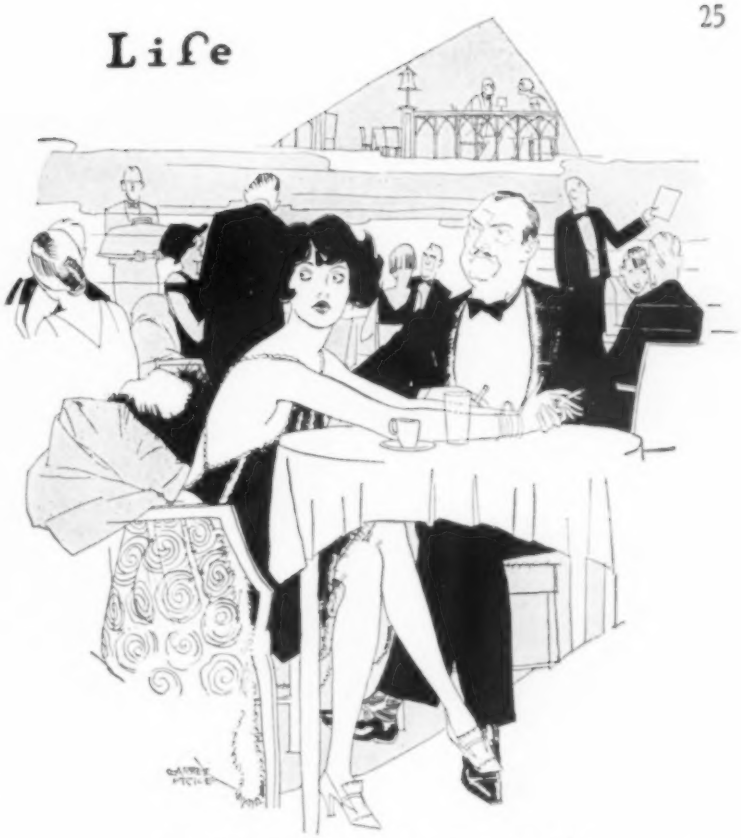
CURTAIN.

Henry William Hanemann.

Egocentric

"IS he self-centered?"

"Self-centered? Why, that guy thinks 'Hail, hail, the gang's all here' is a solo!"



Bob: I BELIEVE THAT MAN IS STARING AT YOU.
Grace: WELL, I'D CERTAINLY TAKE THIS DRESS BACK IF HE WASN'T!

SUCCESSFUL OR NOT

"LISTEN, DOC, IS THIS OPERATION GOIN' T' BE WORTH WHILE—T' TALK ABOUT?"

THE SILENT DRAMA

"Sparrows"

MARY PICKFORD has struck a happy medium, in "Sparrows," between the old and the new. She has managed to mix that form of sugary sentiment (which we callous cynics sometimes call "hokum") with the grimmest and most brutally muscular form of expressionism. She has produced a picture that is a cross between "Pollyanna" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." Visible also are a few traces of "Little Annie Rooney" (Miss Pickford *will* throw things at times), but these, I am happy to say, are greatly subdued.

The appeal of "Sparrows" is largely visual. It presents an extraordinary picture of abject misery—of utter, hopeless dejection—both in its characters and in its backgrounds. The scene is a dark, oppressive swamp, in the center of which a singularly loathsome piece of white trash has established a baby farm. In this place are kept, as slaves, some ten pitiful children. The eldest of them (Miss Pickford) nurses them, feeds them, bathes them, tells them about God, and ultimately leads them to safety through the terrible swamps.

A few gratuitous thrills are tacked on at the finish, as though Miss Pickford and her director, William Beaudine, feared that the story, in its very simplicity, might be growing a trifle monotonous.

"SPARROWS" is a distinct credit to all concerned in its production, but particularly to Mr. Beaudine and to Charles Rosher, the camera-man. The lighting and photography are superb.

As to Our Mary, it is a decisive step in the right direction for her—in spite of the fact that she still uses chalk-white make-up, with two carefully applied dabs of gray grease-paint on her cheeks to give her the appearance of an orphan.

EASILY EXPLAINED

Lady: WHAT DREADFUL LANGUAGE THAT BOY IS USING!
Kid: HE COMES BY IT NATURAL, MA'AM—HIS FATHER'S A TRAFFIC COP.

"Paris"

THERE have been many pictures of seething love among the passionate Apaches, but none to compare with "Paris," which contains as many thermal units as a hot tamale. Here is the ultimate in strangle-hold, toe-hold, catch-as-catch-can courtship, with the hero and heroine alternately choking, biting and bruising each other in every other foot of the film.

For a while, this field day of primitive emotions is fascinating to watch, but like all wrestling matches it gets terribly tiresome after an hour or so of intensive grappling. When it is all over, with the hero down for the count and the heroine twisting his left ear off, you will be singularly refreshed by the nice, cool news-reel views of Captain Amundsen congratulating Commander Byrd at King's Bay, Spitzbergen.

"Paris" is extremely well played, by Joan Crawford, Douglas Gillmore and Charles Ray; it is capably directed by Edmund Goulding. But it is drivel.

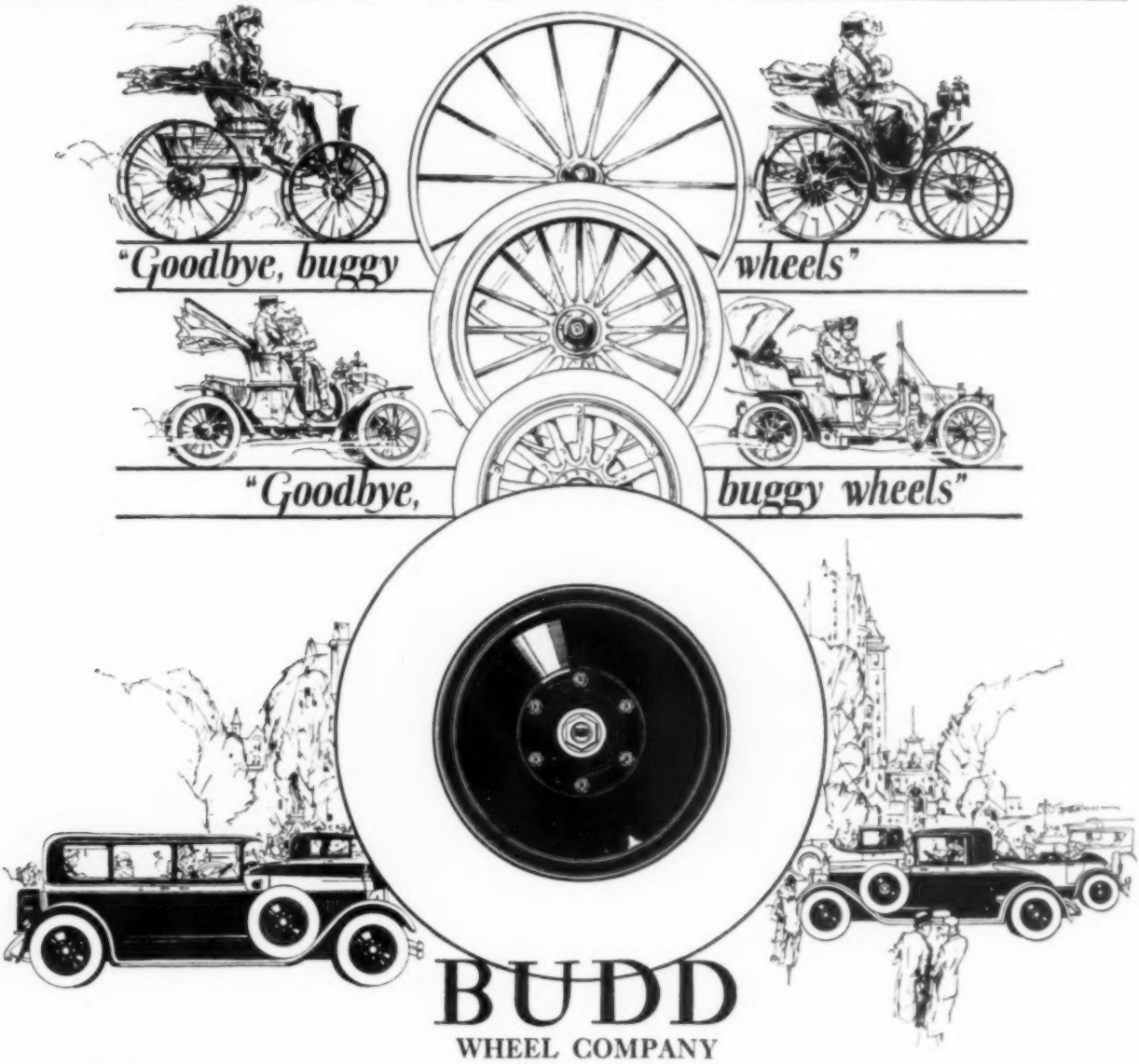
Bulletin

FROM Allen Noble comes the following suggestion for the Great American Two-Reel Comedy:

"There will be a scene in a haunted house, wherein a Negro encounters a ghost. The Negro will not roll his eyes, chatter his teeth nor tremble at the knees. Nor will his hair turn snowy white. On the contrary, he will calmly pick up a conveniently handy club and smite the ghost a fatal blow."

Furthermore, in this same haunted house one of the characters will light a candle which will not turn out to be of the Roman variety.

R. E. Sherwood.



Here are the wheels of destiny . . .

THEY are steel—because, of all things, the *wheels* of a car ought to be strong. They carry the load and take the bumps. When a wheel is smashed, the accident is likely to be a disaster.

So Budd-Michelin Wheels are steel—for safety.

Steel makes possible a wheel of new design—an exclusive *convex* form that permits the placing of brakes and king pins *within* the wheel, for better braking and easier steering.

Steel makes possible a *demountable wheel*, in place of the old demountable rim. When a tire goes flat, the wheel is removed by unscrewing the self-locking nuts at the hub. A *fifth* wheel, carrying the spare tire, is slipped in its place. A three-minute job!

This arrangement saves tires! The rim is a part of the wheel, permanently attached, perfectly aligned—so the tire always runs true. And the steel disc radiates the destructive friction-heat from the tire, cooling it—adding to its life.

The extra wheel dresses up the rear of the car. It is useful as an additional bumper, saving the body from knocks. And it's always ready for an emergency.

With Budd-Michelin, you see wheels instead of unsightly brakes . . . You see clean, stream-lined, beautiful wheels, that harmonize with the stream-lines of the car. Your brakes are better protected by these wheels, from mud and water and dust.

New safety . . . new convenience . . . new beauty—these are the three great contributions of Budd-Michelin to the automobile. These are reasons why you will want your next car on Budd-Michelin Wheels.

Here are the wheels of destiny!

[*Detroit* . . . BUDD WHEEL COMPANY . . . *Philadelphia*]

THE MARK OF LEADING TIRE STORES EVERYWHERE

A Name that is Gold in the Night

The names of men and products are lifted above the average through distinguished service or accomplishment. Such are the names that help to brighten any Broadway—names that are gold in the night. The General Tire is one.

Now, more than ever before, the confidence in General's policy of absolute maintenance of quality is shown by the big swing to Generals everywhere . . . . a confidence that has been earned through General's policy of not tampering with quality.

This is the reason you hear users everywhere speak of General in terms of almost unbelievable mileage, comfort and safety. " " In a brief period of ten years the name General Tire has taken first place in car owner preference.

The General dealer has a plan that enables you to change to Generals now without sacrificing the unused mileage in your present tires, no matter what make or how much or how little they have been used.

THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

THE GENERAL TIRE

—GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

Final Instructions for Travel Contestants

(*See page* 14 *for other Contest details.*)

EACH error that you detect in Joan's eight letters must be marked as an error, and corrected. For instance, if she says, "I saw Westminster Abbey in Paris," you should mark that as an error and explain that Westminster Abbey is in London.

Be brief in these corrections. There is no need to include exhaustive details.

The essay on "What I Shall See in Europe" may cover all of Europe or any part of it. No itinerary for the winner of the Contest has been arranged as yet.

The winner may take the trip to Europe any time before July 13th, 1927. The six weeks cover the time from leaving New York to the return to New York.

Send in your corrections of Joan's eight letters, and your essay, at one time and in the same envelope. Each page should be marked plainly with your name.

All answers to this Contest must reach LIFE Office before noon, July 13th, 1926. Send yours in as soon as possible to avoid delays in the mails.

for Those

who wish to obtain back numbers of LIFE, containing Joan's first seven letters, the coupon below will prove useful.

Joan's first letter appeared in the May 6th issue; her second letter, May 13th; her third letter, May 20th; her fourth letter, May 27th; her fifth letter, June 3rd; her sixth letter June 10th, and her seventh letter in the June 17th issue.

Enclose 15 cents with the coupon for each issue that you desire.

LIFE
598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find.....cents for the following issues.....

or

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian, $1.20; Foreign, $1.40) for ten weeks' subscription to LIFE, to begin with the.....issue.

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Charming faces gleam their very loveliest when rouge and face powder blend in true artistic harmony of tone, together accenting the natural colouring. The new COTY Rouges *are created to complement* COTY Face Powders *both in a wide range of shades to glorify every type of beauty.*

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(*Nasturtium*)
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EACH IN TWO SHADES — LIGHT AND DARK

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A booklet illustrated by
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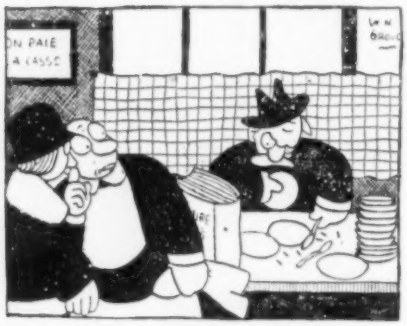
Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



STRATEGY

"SHH! JUST A MOMENT...THE GENERAL IS SURROUNDING THE RIFFIANS."
—*Le Canard Enchaîné (Paris).*

A Testimonial

HERE is a jolly advertisement—

"All tears, burns, moth and mouse-holes darned and mended like new. British officer says:—'I was astonished when I got back the job I gave you—it didn't look like a darned suit at all!'"
—*London Daily Express.*

The Expected Thing

THE explorer was relating his experiences for the press. "We ate our rubber boots," he said.

"Provisions ran out, eh?"

"No, but I thought it might add interest to our report."—*Boston Transcript.*

Best-Mousetrap Note

THE people make a beaten path through the woods, and then the officers follow the beaten path, and then the distiller has to find a new location.
—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

Do animals think? Well, there's that Illinois parrot that walked fourteen miles out of Chicago.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"HAROLD, what is a crisis?"

"Sometimes when nobody knows what to do in a hurry."—*Boston Globe.*

Tradition

"THE Age of Poetry is dead!"
Our solemn pedants still repeat,
For so Ionia's schoolmen said
With Homer chanting down the street.
—*Arthur Guiterman, in Scribner's.*

The New Efficiency

HE: The roadster's running a little badly to-night—

SHE (*cynically*): Ye-es! A cylinder is going to miss in a few minutes, and we are going to just *have* to stop by the bend in the river up yonder, and *no*, I haven't any objections to just one little kiss occasionally, but *not* from you, and *no*, I'm not interested in the I-got-it-from-a-friend-who-brought-it-back-this-summer Scotch you have on your hip, and *yes*, I'm sometimes a prude, and *no*, I don't love you just a wee, wee bit, and *yes*, I know my eyes are attractive and I realize you don't say this to everybody. ...However, I *will* take one little drink and let you park for just a few minutes.
—*Virginia Reel.*

"YOU SAW THAT PLAY? WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT?"

"OH, I LIKED IT, BUT REALLY, IT IS HARDLY A PLAY TO WHICH A GIRL COULD TAKE HER MOTHER."
—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

What to Do?

NOUVEAU: The book says you should not scoop up your soup, but push it away from you.

RICHE: And have our chef leave?
—*California Pelican.*

Printer's Wisdom

"BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MIRAGES."
—*Smith's Weekly (Sydney).*

"WHY DID YOU BURN YOUR EMPLOYER'S HOUSE DOWN?"

"I WANTED TO SEE MY SWEETHEART IN A HURRY, AND HE BEING A FIREMAN..."
—*Excelsior (Mexico City).*

That Schoolgirl Complexion

SOAP advertisement in the *Modern Review*, Calcutta—

"ESSENCE OF BIRDS. It is the finest purest of the pure medicines of the world of magic....Its use makes a man look like Rosy, Soapy, and Flourishing like the Kashmere Apple. On the whole it is one of the magics ever produced."
—*Cambridge Granta.*

The Manly Art of Self-Offense

FROM the sports page of the Camden (N. J.) *Daily Courier*—

"Did Young Stribling ever knock out Young stribling?—*F. D. A.*

"Yes, in nine rounds, in 1923."
—*Woodstown Monitor-Register.*

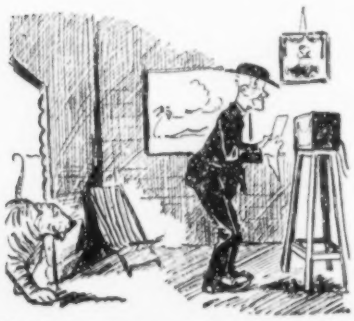
The Doggy Thing Now

"WHAT good is money, anyhow?"

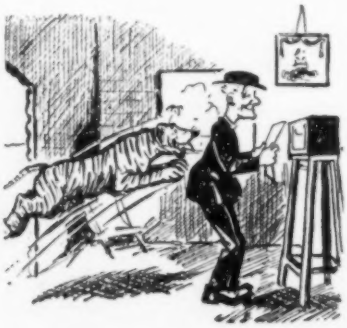
"Well, you and your wife can sail for Europe on separate ships."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

COLLEGE JUNIOR (*to graduating Senior*): Well, so long, Jim—have a good vocation.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

Two can live as cheaply as one can play golf.—*American Golfer.*



Missionary (on tropical island): I AM NOW GOING TO BROADCAST SOME TYPICAL NATIVE CHANTS FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY LISTENERS-IN IN EUROPE.



"JUST ONE MOMENT, PLEASE—"

Listeners-in (in Europe): OH, ISN'T THAT NATIVE MUSIC SIMPLY HEAVENLY!
—*Dublin Opinion.*

Biting

I BIT him. Not, as you might think,
Beneath the influence of drink,
Nor yet in madness, rage or hate,
Or any other frantic state;
But after calm deliberation,
With neither haste nor hesitation.
I simply took his finger tip
And gave it a decided nip;
And, unperturbed by shame or pride,
I claim that I was justified,
As I can prove, I hope, to you.

I ask, what *is* a chap to do
When Father rubs his great fat thumb
Around a tiny infant's gum
To see if his first tooth is through?
I ask you, what's a chap to do?

I *bit* him.
—*O. A. S., in London Evening News.*

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Between Ladies

"AN' when Mrs. Grubbs sez you wasn't no lidy, wot did yer say?"

"I sez, 'Two negatives means a infirmary,' and knocks 'er down."
—*Humorist (London).*

FATHER CONSENTS

"DEAR, I AM HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THAT YOUR HAND HAS BEEN ASKED FOR."

"BUT, PAPA, I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE MAMMA."

"DON'T LET THAT BOTHER YOU. I SHALL PERMIT YOU TO TAKE HER WITH YOU."
—*Le Ruy Blas (Paris).*

The Picture

BEFORE marrying a girl who paints or sings or plays it is best to have her sign papers admitting that she couldn't have had a career even if she hadn't married you. When our wife was single she painted a picture of an old mill, with the assistance of her teacher, and for more than twenty years she has kept us between the upper and nether millstones of that painting. She shows the picture to every visitor in our home and when the visitor asks her why she didn't keep up her painting she makes it clear that we are the answer to the question. We took an artist and put her to work in a kitchen. She had to cook and sew and scrub and rear children when she might have had a career. We often think how happy our married life would have been if she hadn't painted that picture of the old mill.
—*Claude Callan, in Milwaukee Journal.*

Innocent Songster

KIND OLD LADY: You say you were locked in a cage for ten years? Were you in prison, my good man?

THE TRAMP (*sarcastically*): No, mum; I was a canary.—*Answers (London).*

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ARDSLEY

35¢
3 for 1.00

If you like the looks of a starched collar and the comfort of a soft collar, try the new

EAW SUPER QUALITY COLLARS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC.

There Never was a William Tell anyway!

William Tell was a myth. So was Gessler. Neither ever lived. The apple-shooting tale is fiction.

But the amazing things you hear about Liquid Granite Floor Varnish are true.

Here is varnish that wears! It withstands millions of steps. You can have floors of enduring beauty and save the cost of frequent refinishing by specifying Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite.

'Save the surface and you save all'

BERRY BROTHERS INC.
Varnishes Enamels Stains
Walkerville, Ont. Detroit, Mich.

A digestive aid that permits the stomach to digest!

IT is easy to get momentary relief from the distress caused by a too-rich dinner or a late rarebit. There are two ways to do it.

Many people take bicarbonate of soda or some preparation containing it. But this method is open to the great objection that alkalies of this class, unless the dosage is exactly correct, leave in the stomach an alkaline residue which interferes with the normal work of digesting food!

Gastrogen Tablets work quite differently

Then there is a second and a better way. Gastrogen Tablets correct acidity, but after the acidity is corrected they stop their work. In a few minutes after taking, your stomach will be normal—"in neutral" as it were, free from the alkalies which prevent the process of digestion.

And in a few minutes, nature restores the proper balance of acidity (½ of one percent). With Gastrogen, digestion goes on!

So if you are ever troubled with indigestion or similar distress, you will find Gastrogen Tablets the best way to secure the prompt relief you wish. Your indigestion will vanish, your distress will be gone. No matter how many Gastrogen Tablets you may eat, they can leave no bad after-effects.

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe and effective. They combat digestive disturbances without retarding digestion. They are pleasant to taste. They purify the breath and they are very prompt in the relief they give.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c, also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 Tablets.

GASTROGEN
Tablets

© Bristol-Myers, 1926

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-66
73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name

Address

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(*Continued from page 9*)

June 2nd Lay late, reflecting after a perusal of the journals how low is my supply of knowledge, there being many words on the tips of my acquaintances' tongues which are but names to me. I am not, for instance, quite certain what fundamentalism is, and do fear to ask my husband lest he tell me—at length. The door bell a-ringing, and my servant Florence did bring to me a missive with "Office of the District Attorney, City of New York," wrote on one corner of the envelope, which so terrified me that my teeth chattered, and I did cast about so wildly as to what crime Sam or I might have committed that I could scarce open it for the trembling of my hands, in especial since F. had said that the messenger awaited an answer, but Lord! it was nought but a summons to serve on a jury to determine the propriety of the presentation of a play called "Sex," and albeit the memorandum did state that I should be reimbursed for the purchase of my ticket, I doubt gravely if the civic committee will stand for the surcharge which Sam's clubs require in order to secure a decent seat. It were more to the point, methinks, if such committees went into the matter of ticket speculation instead of into the morality of plays which make the malpractice possible, the latter being usually much more stupid than dangerous. I did promise, however, to serve on the jury, and do look for some rare entertainment when the jurors convene. Effie Goings in, all a-twitter as to whether we had some empty bromo-seltzer bottles, having heard that ivy will grow in blue glass and having searched Madison Avenue in vain for a container made of it. And she did tell me how, when she stopped at a small tailor's about the pressing of her husband's clothes, a bookmaker had come in and handed the fellow a roll of three thousand dollars won that afternoon at the track, and how a man of such sagacity should concern himself over the wrinkles in the wearing apparel of strangers neither of us could see....This day come news that Jack's is reopened, for which Sam is rejoiced.

Baird Leonard.

Are you a

HUNDRED PER CENTER?

Next week's

LIFE

is dedicated to

YOU!

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

COAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. Remember—these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans the teeth scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO.
200 6th Ave., N.Y.

Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

Some men are guided solely by appearance and—get just garters.

Some are guided by appearance and price and—get just garters.

But the wise garter buyer is guided by appearance, price, quality and construction and gets

AGRIPPA WEB

Bostons

The non-skidding garter with the wrinkle proof pad—the last word in garter comfort.

George Frost Company, Boston

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

This modern "ice man" calls once—with Frigidaire—and the ice stays always

Hospitality begins in the Kitchen

AND what a difference it makes if the ice-box is a Frigidaire Electric Refrigerator. For food is kept better, colder, longer, sweeter, cleaner. You can buy provisions for days in advance without fear of their spoiling and have a well-stocked larder if the unexpected guest arrives. And you can serve those enticing Frigidaire cubes, tinted or clear, in iced drinks, and delicious frozen desserts, home-made, ready whenever you want them.

You will be *sure* of all these advantages if you have a genuine Frigidaire in your home, for Frigidaire is *proven* electric refrigeration, backed by the name and resources of General Motors, endorsed by more than 150,000 satisfied users.

Write to us for complete information about Frigidaire. Or ask the nearest Frigidaire Representative to show you the new low-priced metal cabinet Frigidaires and explain the General Motors plan of deferred payments.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, Dept. V-33, DAYTON, OHIO
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation
The World's Largest Builder of Electric Refrigerators

Frigidaire
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

THERE IS ONLY ONE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR NAMED FRIGIDAIRE

Motor Car Beauty

Motorists Wise
SIMONIZ

"SIMONIZ is really the way to keep every car looking new and beautiful and it brings out the rich beauty of DUCO and the lacquer finishes."

The permanence of the beautiful luster which comes from SIMONIZING your car is easily maintained—SIMONIZ is more than a mere polish, it is the secret of Motor Car Beauty.

ALWAYS
SIMONIZ
A NEW CAR

Life and Letters

(*Continued from page 22*)

suggestion that his findings may be of no consequence, I put down the book enthusiastically concurrent as to its possible insignificance, but nevertheless with a feeling of irritation. It was immediately read by a member of my household whom it put into a fury even greater than my own. "Think of his making fun of the people who paid to hear his brother lecture and entertained them both afterwards, however much they may have deserved it!" bawled this critic. "What are 'discreetly polished boots'?" "Did you notice how he branded the Century Club as being 'senile Philistines,' after one of the members had taken him to luncheon there?" "Frank Crowninshield ought to sue him for libel—he accuses him of being in a frock coat at the *Vanity Fair* office."

The foregoing may give you a rough idea. One thing for which I cannot forgive Mr. Powys is his failing to tell whether or not Miss Spence made good the check which she gave him for lecturing and which Theodore Dreiser generously tore in two when it was proffered him as a fee for a literary courtesy.

"THE NINTH THERMIDOR," by M. A. Aldanov (*Knopf*), translated from the Russian by A. E. Chamot, is an extremely readable historical romance centering about the Continental doings of a young Serbian blade in the time of Catherine the Great. He moves amongst the outstanding figures of the day—Priestley, Burke, Talleyrand, Pitt, Robespierre and Kant—and his fancies run a gamut extending from innkeepers' daughters to Catherine herself. If you like adventure thrown against the boast of heraldry and the pomp of power, with the latter authentically sketched in, "The Ninth Thermidor" will divert you.

Baird Leonard.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

"KNOW THYSELF"
and
thou wilt find the key to
Happiness and Success
Write for free Booklet
GENERAL CONSULTATION BUREAU
Two West Forty-fifth Street, New York

IRRITATING RASHES
For quick, lasting relief from itching and burning, doctors prescribe
Resinol

Brain Waifs

NO doubt there is something to be said for the man who insists on regulating his neighbors' habits, but my profanity is not what it should be.

* * *

What is the use tightening up crime laws when it is still permissible for the fair defendant in a shooting case to smile on the jury?

* * *

If a young man works hard enough, there is no reason why he shouldn't be able to afford a nervous breakdown by the time he is middle-aged.

* * *

In this age, certainly, stone walls do not a prison make. There are needed, also, at least a moving-picture projection machine, some radio sets, a theatre and a baseball team. *J. K. M.*

Next Week—
The Hundred Per Cent. American Number
with a "Spirit of '26" cover by
FRED G. COOPER

STOPS AND PREVENTS TRAVEL SICKNESS
and all dizziness faintness and stomach disorders caused by the motion of sea, train, auto, car or air travel

25 Years in use
no drugs no harm

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

THE MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO. LTD.
NEW YORK, MONTREAL, LONDON, PARIS.

$2000 Reward
For This Man's Name

He is the man who kicks about blades not being as good as they used to be, yet when you ask him why he doesn't strop them says "Why bother to strop my blades when new ones are so cheap?"

He has heard a thousand times that a *Twinplex Stropper* will improve a new blade 100% and will keep it keener than new for weeks at a time, and yet he keeps right on spending time and money for new blades and then kicks about them.

What is a good name for this fellow? Name him and win a big cash prize.

How to Enter Contest

Costs nothing to enter. Take one of your *new unused* blades to a Twinplex dealer, and let him strop it for you. He will be glad to do this free and will give you an entry blank. After that it's up to you.

If your dealer can't strop your blade on Twinplex name your dealer and your razor and send 10c to cover blade and postage, and we will send you contest entry blank and a Twinplex stropped blade that will help you win a prize by enabling you to think of a better name. We will also send you free a sample tube of the wonderful new Twinplex Shaving Cream.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1749 Locust Street, Saint Louis

New York
London

Montreal
Chicago

Twinplex Stroppers
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

Mother Goose "Service"

As a Live-Wire Advertising Agency Might Phrase It

A. BRAMBLE BUSH, OPTICIAN
Eyes tested free

* * *

Wife Restless and Unhappy? Dissatisfied with City Life? Ask our Mr. Peter about our wonderful Pumpkin Shell Homes in the country.

* * *

SIMPLE SIMON PIES
Try One. Small Deposit Required

* * *

LITTLE BO-PEEP SHEEP HERDING SYSTEM
No Permanent Loss to Any Patron. No Worries. Just Leave 'Em Alone.

* * *

ARE YOUR FINGERS ALL THUMBS?
You'll be glad of it when you try Our Jack Horner Christmas Pie.

* * *

LEARN TO PLAY A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
"I've waked up many a sleepy party," says L. B. Blue.

* * *

BABY BUNTING FURS
Just What Daddy Has Been Hunting.

* * *

Old King Cole says:

"Get out the old jimmy-pipe and light up for a fine smoke of K. C. Mixture. Boys, it makes you feel like three fiddlers!"

* * *

SPRATT COOKED MEATS
No More Washing Dishes

Fairfax Downey.

Then Take a Ballot

WHEN four or five men are out riding they cannot agree on the noun that best describes the comely young damsel driving the sport car ahead. In their divers opinions she may be a peach, a queen, some baby, a fairy, a pippin, such a doll, a knockout, a siren or a red-hot mamma.

But let her apply, without warning, her four-wheel brakes...

Bill Sykes.

Merely Out-of-Date

MISS NEWRICHE: Isn't father dreadfully old-fashioned?

MRS. NEWRICHE: Yes, and still he's not old-fashioned enough to match our antique furniture.

"NO news is good news," said the man as he bought a tabloid newspaper.

The Garter Recommended by Doctors

Ordinary adjustable garters have elasticity only in the single ply. Stretch is lost where the webbing is doubled. Such garters are heedlessly readjusted when rubber deteriorates and loosens with age. Then there's an unelastic band to retard circulation, to cause varicose veins and weak arches.

That's why doctors prescribe

E. Z. GARTERS

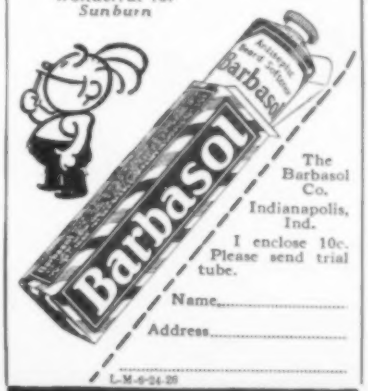
The original wide web. A single ply all the way around. Hold your hosiery securely, yet give wonderful flexibility. You'll have months of supreme garter comfort from the pair we're ready to send you for a half dollar, your name and address and calf measure, and your dealer's name.

THE THOMAS P. TAYLOR CO.
Dept. 6L, Bridgeport, Conn.

Makes a Man Wish He Had Two Chins

Barbasol produces such a silky shave. And easy—Well! No brush. No rub-in. Just the blade and Barbasol. You try it—three times—according to directions. 35c and 65c tubes.

Wonderful for Sunburn



The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.
I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube.
Name.....
Address.....
.....
L-M-6-24-26

For Modern Shaving

Your first shave

will prove, beyond all doubt, the claims men make for this unique shaving cream

Let us send you a 10-shave tube to try

WE'VE built Palmolive Shaving Cream to a national business success by making few claims for it. We let it prove its case by sending a 10-day test tube free to all who ask.

In that way, we've gained leadership in a highly competitive field in only a few years. Nearly all of the men who once try this unique creation become regular users.

Thus we are sure we have a preparation that will surpass your present favorite. In your interest and in ours, will you accept a trial tube, and find out?

130 formulas tried

Before offering Palmolive Shaving Cream, we asked 1000 men their supreme desires in a shaving cream. Then met them exactly.

We tried and discarded 130 formulas before finding the right one. We put our 60 years of soap experience behind this creation. The result is a shaving cream unlike any you have ever tried.

Five advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

3260

10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1191, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Illinois.
Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

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The Younger Married Set

(*Continued from page* 12)

Joe is a great scout and he told me the other day that what struck him most at the time was Onderdonck's puzzled expression when he said, "Joe, I love Hattie," and Joe himself replied, "Me too." They went down to the locker-room and Wallace left shortly afterward. Joe took Hattie down to Pinehurst for some golf the next day and the town went as flat as a punctured tire. Hattie is back now looking fat and sassy, and she and Wallace, and Joe, too, are just the best of friends, all the better for having nearly been something else again. So that's that.

Bert Hoofner, the big bum, takes a rather more cynical view of it. He says that Wallace was a boob and couldn't get away with it. But Bert is an engaging but completely unmoral cuss, almost unique in our city of hearths and homes. I met him two nights ago when he was doing a little scamping and he leaned over my table to say, "You know me, kid. My wife doesn't understand me...and I hope to God she never does!"

As for Wallace, he moped around for a while—until he got the big idea for a Sesquicentennial pageant on July 4th. Since then, he's been too busy with patriotic plans to pay much attention to his blighted love.

(Mr. Chappell will describe the big pageant next week.)

Old Settlers

AMONG the interesting exhibits of early Americana at the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial Exposition, we hear, will be several direct descendants of the original cast of "Abie's Irish Rose."

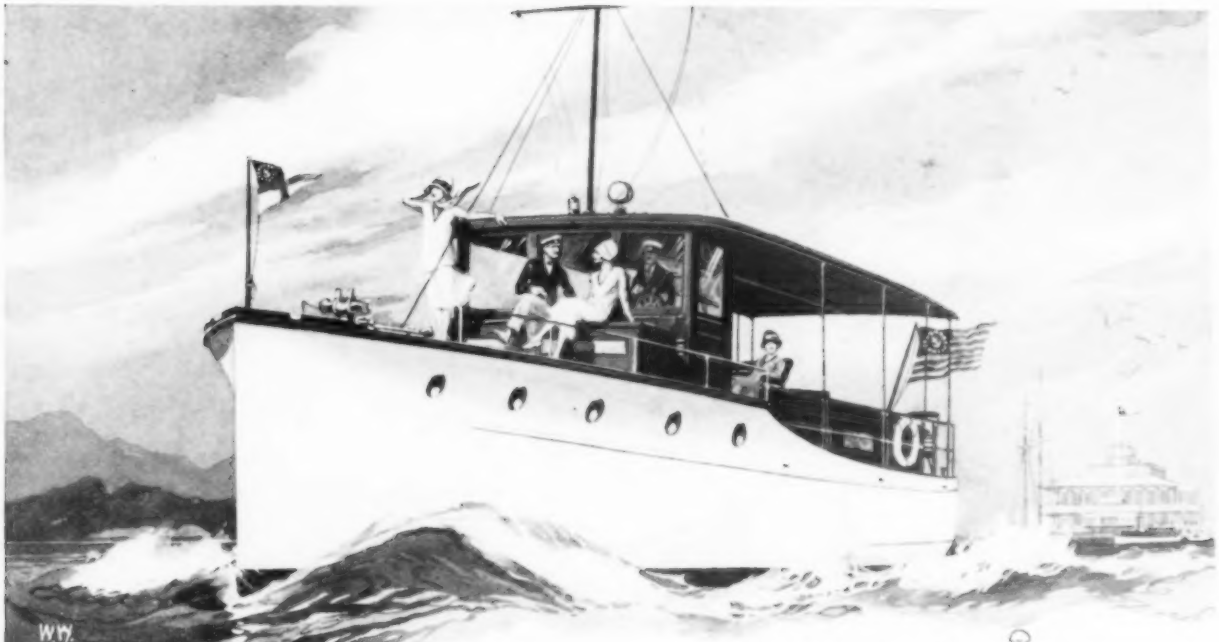
ELDERLY PERSON: And what's the baby's name?

NURSE: WZBO KDFA GDCC Jones—his parents are both radio fans.

All really patriotic
Native-born,
Protestant,
Gentile,
White Citizens
should read the
Hundred Per Cent. American Number
Out next week

BOW LEGS?
Our Garter (pat'd)
Makes Trousers Hang Straight
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self Adjustable
It Holds Sox Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs
Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. 35 NEW LONDON, NEW HAMP.

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



The finest sport of all—yet one too few enjoy

COME and cruise over cool, blue waters this summer and enjoy one of the greatest pleasures of life.

Joyous days afloat . . . exhilarating sea breezes . . . rest and privacy . . . new thrills and adventures. All of these are yours when you own an Elco Cruiser.

Perhaps you have thought of motor cruising as something beyond your means. As a matter of fact, the cost of operating an Elco Cruiser is unusually low. On several models the total expenditure for a thousand mile cruise—as shown by owners' logs—does not exceed seventy-five dollars.

On account of quantity production and the standardized method of construction, we can furnish you with an Elco Cruiser—a real home afloat—at a price surprisingly low.

Start planning now for a glorious season afloat. Inspect the latest Elco models now on display at our New York Exhibit or write for Catalogue L, which gives full details regarding specifications and prices.

FOR 34 years Elco has manufactured fine motor boats exclusively. And during that period Elco engineers have taken the hazard out of boat buying.

When you purchase an Elco Cruiser today, you can feel sure that you are getting a Standardized Motor Boat that will give you years and years of satisfactory service.

• • •

An interesting booklet, "Motor Cruising—a Glorious Adventure," will be sent free on request.

PORT ELCO—247 Park Avenue, at 46th Street—New York City

Sales Office and Permanent Motor Boat Exhibit

Miami Distributor
CLEMENT AMORY
118 North Bay Shore Drive
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Builders of Motor Boats for 34 Years

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Elco

THE HOME AFLOAT

When Fourth of July bands are playing—and the cannon are roaring out their celebration of another day of Independence and Freedom —have a Camel!

Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN the noisy shouts and songs of freedom burst forth on Independence Day. And bands and parades and booming cannon join in the joyous celebration. When you think again that our country and the men in it must be free—*have a Camel!*

For no other cigarette ever brought such liberation to so many millions of smokers. On the day of its birth, Camel decreed the end of tired taste, of cigaretty after-taste. Mild and mellow flavor, full enjoyment have made Camel the most celebrated name in the history of smoking.

So this Independence Day, as you watch our country's defenders march by in inspiring parade — know then the deepest goodness that ever came from a cigarette. Have the utmost in smoking enjoyment.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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